THE

PAVILION;

OR,

A MONTH IN BRIGHTON.

A Satirical Novel.

BY

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"A MONTH IN TOWN," "GENERAL POST BAG,"
"REJECTED ODES," &c.

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POETICAL PREFACE.



"ANOTHER work!" methinks some critic bawls,
Snug in the rendezvous beside St. Paul's,*
"More filthy libels—more seditious stuff!
"When will the silly world cry—'*quantum suff!*'
"When will Sir WILLIAM cut the cobweb tissue
"With the keen scissors of an *ex-officio?*"—

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* The Chapter Coffee House, where priests and laymen, and all the long train of gifted and ungifted critics, hold their nightly assemblies, and sit in judgment on all those who are known "by their works."

"Scribbling again!"—cries ARISTARCH the Se-
"cond,
"The fellow's swinish wits are, wine-like, fecund;
"A month ago I heard SAM SPYALL hint it,
"But hop'd no rascal would be found to print it!
"Curse on that democratic impudence
"Which fills up all the cavities of sense!
"Curse on that vile irreverent disposition,
"Which points at kings the syringe of sedition;
"That ever Slander's devilish cud is chewing,
"And some new tale of froth and falsehood brew-
ing!"

'Twas ever so—who works with satire's tools,
Must run the gauntlet thro' a herd of fools.
A thousand knights, with more of folly's thirst
Than old La Mancha's brainless errant curs'd,
Couch their quill spears, with hatred most profound,
But plant a laurel where they wish a wound.

Shew me a Prince that boasts one honest friend,
Who fears not, while he seeks not, to offend—

One free-born soul, undaunted to defy
The venal flattery and the courtly lie;
And truth shall promptly picture to the brain,
For each such wight, a slavish sickly train;
Fools without bells, and madmen without cords,
Who vomit echoes, and miscal them words.
Zounds! they beset the throne, like crows to feast
Round the rank carr'on of some putrid beast;
And, renegades from every manly grace,
Count e'en their souls a cheap exchange for place.

Be mine the pride—and dirty drivellers still
May fume, and fawn, and flatter as they will—
Be mine the pride, in these degenerate days,
For no base ends to prostitute my praise,
To weave no laurel for a drunkard's crown,
Nor win a court by hunting virtue down.
Let foul abuse assault me as it may,
Asperse my motives, and obstruct my way,
Let venal curs from every kennel pour
Their harsh, discordant, and tumultuous roar—

Grant me, great heav'n! the firm undaunted breast,
By love of freedom and of truth possess'd,
The will to live unbought, the pow'r to be,
In mind, and faculty, and action, free!

Princes have follies—and they are but men
With ten-fold claims on Satire's sharpen'd pen—
And them what privilege of Heav'n shall shield,
When verity and vigor take the field?
Would they give cynic wits no fair pretence,
Let their own actions be their sure defence;
For he whom Virtue's dazzling train surrounds,
Shrinks not from Slander's visionary wounds,
But stands more firm than erst ACHILLES stood,
Cas'd in the buckler of the Stygian flood!

But when these mortal meteors of the earth
Err in their courses round the point of worth;
When the foul spots of vice obscure their rays,
And shed a dingy dullness o'er their blaze;

Tho' once admir'd, alas! how soon they fall,
And stand the beacons and the butts of all!

Oh! could the record of his follies draw
Each high delinquent back to Virtue's law!—
But vain the thought, that golden age is gone,
When Truth had charms to captivate a throne.
Charter'd by modern laws, the monarch-mind
The social fetter wants the power to bind.
Since then no statute royal will restrains,
Nor visits crime with customary pains.
'Tis Satire's privilege the wire to wield,
And scourge th' anointed anarch from the field.

Ye critic kings, who, from your thrones dispense,
With front sèvere, the laws of sound and sense,
Damn me with censure, or reward with praise,
Adorn my brow with hemlock or with bays—
E'en as you will—my unambitious name,
Aims not to grasp the phantasy of fame;

Cow'd by no danger, harass'd by no dread,
Zounds! d——n the work, but d——n it not un-
read!
Be your quotations many, Gents, and ample,
That comment may associate with example,
So should it please you— almoners of fate!
The author at your shrine to immolate,
The reader, while the reeking victim dies,
May see the justice of the sacrifice.



THE

PAVILION.

CHAPTER I.

A few introductory remarks upon Satire.—A brief description of bathing-places in winter.—The renovation of Brighton.—General Tunbelly arrives.—A little insight into the General's character.—The effects of his arrival.—Prince Gregory reaches the Pavilion in the sweetest humour imaginable.—The cause explored.—A sketch of Prince Gregory for the guidance of the reader.—The joy produced by his appearance.

THE analogy between nations and individuals must, of necessity, be close and striking; because, nations, being composed of communities or bodies of men,

must be operated upon by those causes, in an enlarged degree, which, on a more limited scale, have influence upon individuals. The "tide in the affairs of *nations*," therefore, is neither more nor less than "the tide in the affairs of *men*," and is not only capable of, but actually subject to, the same fluctuations in both instances. If the poverty of an individual reduce him to wretchedness and ruin, individual poverty on a more extensive principle will cause a national reduction of a similar nature; and, as the interests of one depend on his own well-being, so the interests of the public hang on the well-being and the prosperity of the whole; and both cases are determined by one principle.

Individual misery too commonly results from means wantonly misapplied, and resources prodigally impoverished. The

penury of nations is as frequently produced by the corrupt extravagance of those to whom the public revenues are committed in charge; and, as in the former case, the conduct of the man is freely censured by that society which is injured by his example, if not by his practice; so in the latter, the abuse of their trust renders the public depositaries of the nation's energies, in a peculiar degree, amenable to the opinions of that community, which is not only injured by the operation of their example, but actually impoverished by the oppression of their actions.

That which is censure in the abstract becomes satire in the aggregate; and of this there are two kinds or different species; viz. the satire of ridicule, and that of serious reproof: but the legitimate and only warrantable object of both is the

same—the subjugation of vice, the melioration of public morals, and the general improvement of society. The solemn remonstrance of the serious moralist is the more dignified; but it will scarcely be denied, that the keen ridicule of the ingeniously playful satirist is the more effectual of the two. And Pope, whose knowledge of man was pretty comprehensive, felt the truth of this position, when he describes the human *animalculæ* of his day, as

"Safe from the bar, the pulpit, and the throne,
"And scar'd and sham'd by ridicule alone."

These introductory remarks upon the subject of satire are intended for any readers who may enquire what object the succeeding pages have in view. In the midst of the most aggravated public distress, when penury and woe walk the streets hand in hand, and thousands are

actually starving, the prodigalities of those great ones of the earth, who ought to be the stewards and almoners of Providence, present a fair field for satire to hold daily tournament in The harvest sown by the many is reaped by the few; the dazzling and cheering fire of patriotism has dwindled into the impure and unwholesome flame of self-interest, and every better feeling and principle appear to be entirely merged and lost in the giddy and intoxicating vortex of sensuality. In such times, the withering frown or scornful smile of the Cynic is more to be prized than the apathy of the Stoic.

The ungenial influence of a wintry atmosphere had stripped the bathing-places of their attractions and their visitors: those promenades, which the beautiful

combinations of nature and art had rendered truly Elysian, were scathed by the footsteps of December: the shops were no longer decorated in all the varieties of a fanciful taste, but, gloomy and deserted, presented an aspect of bankruptcy, which chilled the eye and the heart. The libraries had no readers; the hotels no company; the bathers no *land-gudgeons*; the smile of content was superseded on the brow of the tradesman by the wrinkle of care, and the storm, which "ever and anon" raged over the ocean, seemed to knell out the departure of prosperity.

This was precisely the situation of Brighton when the news arrived that Prince Gregory intended to enjoy the sports and festivities of Christmas at the Pavilion. An electric shock never gave a more effectual fillip to the lazy blood than this communication did to the para-

lized hopes and expectations of the towns-people, who instantly began to estimate the profits and the amusements which this visit would produce, with the utmost eagerness. The town was now furbished and painted from one extremity to the other; and Puff, the worthy manager of the theatre, who had dismissed his motley host to pick up their bread and cheese in the barns and rustic theatres of inland towns, re-assembled the regiment with the utmost speed, announced the re-opening of the mimic scene, and swore if it were not in him "to command success, he would do more," videlicet, "deserve it!"

Very soon after the receipt of the vivifying intelligence which threw the whole of the inhabitants into this convulsion of delight, at an early hour one morning the town was for a while alarmed at the sound of tumbrils, ammunition-waggons, and

artillery-carts, driving through the streets. Conjecture, however, had scarcely time to shake himself, and to commence his train of speculations, before it was discovered, that, instead of coming thither either to embark on offensive service, or to be used to defend the coast, the extent of the important expedition for which they were assigned was the mansion of the Prince; that the ammunition with which they were freighted was simply the ammunition intended to be used against such enemies as hunger, and thirst, and care, and despondency; and that the war about to be waged would be a war against venison, and turtle, and all the triple realms of fish, and flesh, and fowl.

The very appearance of General Tunbelly, who commanded this advanced guard of Prince Gregory's suite, was to the people of Brighton an ample promise

of good cheer and of good company.— The General was one of those men whom nature, to compensate for the slovenly manner in which she had made and furnished the head, had endued with a mighty capacity of paunch. He was a man of unquestioned and unquestionable taste, and though he might have vainly racked his brains for a month to tell the difference between solecism and anachronism, parable and paradox, he was never guilty of error in computing the age of wine, nor committed a solecism in designing the viands for a banquet, and the fruits and *liqueurs* for a dessert There was not a bottle of wine in his cellar of which he would not tell the pedigree and the age as elaborately and as feelingly as a Welchman could trace his own descent, or an Arab descant upon the genealogy of his horse. He was, withal, a perfect connoisseur in female beauty, and would

track a pretty girl through all the mazes and the windings of a morning's walk, with a patience and fortitude rarely to be matched, and never excelled He was well versed in the anatomy of venison, and knew the virtues of calipee and calipash.

The arrival of the General was the signal of universal bustle: the exterior of the Pavilion had been recently beautified; a hundred workmen now filled the interior, painting, furbishing, and renewing, with the utmost expedition. The Pagan idols, who had for the last two or three summers and winters received the homage of the profane vulgar, and excited the admiration of the ton, were removed from their original niches, their forms well washed, and placed in more commodious or conspicuous situations.

Not that these changes were by any

means requisite to be made; but it had been the invariable custom of Prince Gregory to alter the arrangements of his palaces at least once a year; for, being accounted a Prince of superlatively fine taste, he was anxious to show the fashionable world that it also possessed boundless versatility.

It was of little consequence that the variableness of his taste subjected his treasury to very heavy demands; it was still less material that, in consequence of the extravagance of his expenditure, he was obliged annually to come to the public for the payment of his debts; and that the people themselves were so reduced by the impolicy of his political measures, and his private profusion, as to be scarcely able to provide themselves with the necessary food and raiment of life; his dignity must be supported, and the fastidiousness

of his taste indulged, be the consequences to the quietness of the nation never so alarming. It was the duty of the Prince to consult his own inclination and pursue his own pleasures; it was the duty of the people to provide the means.

There is a feeling of self-interest which predominates in every bosom; and this feeling it was which induced the inhabitants of Brighton to feel pleasure in those circumstances which gave pain and discontent to the rest of the country. They were gainers by the loss of the community; and it is astonishing how avarice blunts the edge of patriotism, and renders men the very opposite of Roman in their sentiments and conduct. This perhaps may serve to shew that patriotism is not a natural feeling, and therefore, that the patriot is an unnatural character, since a man must part with a considerable por-

tion of that self-love which Providence has planted in his breast, before he can allow his bosom to be monopolized by love of country. Let logicians settle this knotty point.

The idols had been newly gilt and richly embellished; the apartments had been adorned with new mouldings; the mirrors had been renovated; the state-apartments had undergone a complete metamorphosis; the cooks, butlers, pages, footmen, laundresses, porters, *et omnia sui generos*, were at their posts: the larders were filled with a month's provisions; and the cellars were stored with an ample variety of the choicest and most expensive wines; when one evening, about an hour after dusk, an *avant courier* gallopped into the yard, and announced Prince Gregory.

There was an appearance of unusual

satisfaction visible in the countenance of the Prince, as he descended from his carriage, and the glance of familiar courtesy which he cast around him seemed to say pretty distinctly—"I am devilish glad to find myself here amongst you, so far from the metropolis and so near to the ocean; so surrounded by friends, and so distant from enemies."

Now, as philosophers have long since taught us to believe that for every effect there is a cause; and further, that it is proper to trace, in all instances, the connection which exists between them, it may be well to analyze this glance, and to endeavour to discover the secret links which went back to its cause. It was palpably a glance of pleasure; of more positive pleasure than any which had emanated from his eyes on the occasion of any former visit. It was, consequently,

an extraordinary glance; *ergo*, it proceeded from an extraordinary cause.

It has been before remarked, that the people had been reduced, by the profusion of Prince Gregory, &c. &c. to very great distress. The metropolis, as it contained a greater mass of the nation than was assembled in any other part of the empire, may be said to have been the centre of those discontented feelings which very naturally grow out of such a state of things. In this large city there was always to be found numbers of turbulent spirits ready, on the slightest pretext, to stir up insurrection, in order that, under the cover of general riot and confusion, they may give loose to feelings of private malignity or illegal rapine. Just before that Prince Gregory started on his excursion to Brighton, a circumstance had taken place which had caused a mo-

mentary irritation of the public feelings. An armed desultory mob had assembled together, seized some arms, and, wandering through the streets with the most formidable aspect, had even menaced a violation of the sanctity of the palace itself. Intelligence of this threat had been speedily conveyed to Prince Gregory, who prudently and sagaciously determining that, to be at a considerable distance from the scene of riotous intemperance, would give him a greater promise of security than he could find while he remained in its vicinity, he immediately ordered his carriage, and taking a new and circuitous road, made the best of his way, scantily attended, to his residence at Brighton.

He who flies from danger breathes more freely at every step he takes, because that feeling of terror which raised an impediment in the path from his lungs to his

throat, diminishes in proportion as the sense of peril decreases. Travelling, under such circumstances, is like hartshorn and vinegar to a fainting man; it gives a new impulse to the faculties of life, and expels the benumbing spell which held an unnatural tyranny over the senses. So it was with Prince Gregory: he had not reached the tenth mile-stone from the metropolis before he experienced a sudden emancipation from fear, and as sudden a resuscitation of hope and good humour; and as he approached his country house, the latter feelings gradually extended an enlivening influence over his whole frame, so that by the time he reached the Pavilion he was in the sweetest disposition imaginable—an universal philanthropist.

As this seems to be the proper place to give the reader a still more particular insight into the character of the Prince, in

order that he may reconcile to his belief many incidents in the subsequent pages which might otherwise appear somewhat overcoloured, it may be well to sketch the outline in this first chapter. He was a man of much capacity, and, in his earlier days, had been accounted a man of exquisite taste, extensive knowledge, and sound judgment. But he had degenerated materially during the last few years. His taste was now merely a taste of sensual enjoyment: his mind never wished nor received even the slightest allotment of intellectual food. Once an enemy to oppression, he had now a different feeling: once a friend to liberty, he now decried and discountenanced it: once generous, he was now illiberal: once independent, he was now the slave of a mischievous faction. He seemed indeed to have surrendered all these properties of mind which dignify and ornament mankind, and to

have received in their room every qualification, inclination, and appetite, which can disgrace or destroy the superiority of reason. Still there would, now and then, some glimmering of his former character burst forth, but its gleam was only faint and of a moment's duration : he was surrounded by those whose interest it was to smother a spark so ungenial to their views, and they lost not a moment in exerting themselves to prevent that resurrection of light which must inevitably have been the cause of, and the signal for, their own downfall.

Amongst the pleasures to which Prince Gregory was addicted, the most natural, and therefore the most justifiable, was his passion for the fair sex. Like immortal Jove of old, he assumed every shape to accomplish his designs ; and, like the fabled monarch of the gods, his amours

were neither scanty, nor confined to a certain class of beauties. He himself was of goodly size, a very pretty, round, and well-proportioned subject for apoplexy or inflammation; and he loved a fair companion equal to himself in capacity of body; and as his palace was continually crowded with courtly dames, who accounted it their greatest pride and pleasure to be noticed by him, it is not to be questioned that his wishes were generally gratified the very moment they could be communicated to their objects.

Although himself a free indulger of his appetite, even to an extent beyond the law, he was severe in inflicting punishment upon those who, in meaner life, offended against the statutes of the country. By courtesy he was denominated the fountain of mercy; but, truth to tell, it would seem that the fountain

was either so injured in its machinery that it could not direct the stream, or mercy itself was so exhausted that it could no longer keep its channels supplied; for, alas! many were the fatal examples which he caused to be made with a view to the correction of the morals of the community.

Now it is not to be denied that it is praiseworthy in a prince to preserve public morals as firm as he can; but it is the opinion of sages of all times, that this should rather be effected by example than by punishment. If a corrupt fountain cannot emit a chrystal stream, so it is not to be expected that the morals of a nation will be exemplary, when those of the sovereign are equivocal. Every man, it is true, has his frailties; and although a prince cannot be expected to display an exception from the infirmities incident

to human nature, he ought to regulate his desires, or so to mask his actions that his own conduct may not be thrown in his teeth by those who ought, in duty and in love, to honour and esteem him. There is a mode in keeping up appearances with society, which although in itself no virtue, may preserve the semblance of virtue, and thus, as far as the influence of example is concerned, may tend to deprive vice of its mischievous power.

Prince Gregory, however, does not appear to have paid sufficient attention to this manner of keeping his own actions from the knowledge of the community. Some officious knave was always ready to circulate them throughout those channels where he might turn his information to profit; so that, in the course of a short time, the people, who should have been taught to hold their prince in the highest

veneration, not only learned to despise him, and to consider him as a man below the ordinary standard of moral worth, but actually to throw his follies in his face, and turn him to open ridicule.

There is a certain independence of mind which no law can circumscribe, no threat can destroy. It was from this source, that censures, the most open and unlimited, were frequently lost upon the prince. The circumstance that he once was virtuous, and therefore knew the value of virtue, was made an enhancement of his offences, and he was treated as unceremoniously by his people, as though the infirmities of his conduct had destroyed the distance which rank and situation placed between them and himself, and had degraded him to an equality with the worst of men.

It is to be regretted, however, that while Prince Gregory possessed good qualifications of heart and mind, he should lend himself to the council of men who had only an eye to their own ambition, and who considered the interests of their master, and the interests of their country, as subordinate to their own. With men of this description he was surrounded;—men who could scatter misery around them with reckless hands, and with tearless eyes view the wreck of human happiness which they had caused; men who, without patriotism themselves, contemned the appearance of it in others; men who would sell their God for gold, or worship at any shrine to which avarice may urge them. They had thrown firebrands round amongst society, and seemed to joy in the conflagration which ensued. Despots in principle, it constituted their great object to become despots in power. They ac-

knowledged no rights but those of the throne; they respected no privileges which had a tendency to exalt the character of the people; because they themselves had entered into a confederacy to reduce the people to the ignominious situation of "hewers of wood and drawers of water."

These men had woven a web of intrigue with which they had trammelled the understanding of the prince; and thus fettered and blinded to the duties of his situation, and the ends for which he was elevated to it he committed his character into their hands, and surrendered to them his discretion; so that they, in fact, directed him in all things, and swayed the sceptre of the kingdom.

By the principal of these counsellors Prince Gregory was accompanied in his visits to Brighton: for, the same motives

which urged him to a precipitate departure from his metropolis, produced upon them a corresponding effect. They were conscious of their own demerits, aware that they had grossly and continually insulted the nation; that they had burdened it with debts and expences beyond its ability to discharge or endure; and that they had contemptuously turned away when it petitioned and remonstrated on the impolicy and illegality of such conduct, as if they were every thing and the people nothing; they knew that they had by these means provoked the public, and they naturally enough feared that the anger of the nation, once raised, it would very speedily be turned upon themselves. Those who are readiest to provoke, are the first to fly from the effects of the provocation: so it was in this case; they were the very heralds of flight.

There were many others, of various

ranks and degrees of society, who had either accompanied Prince Gregory in his excursion, or, attracted by the circumstance of his proposed visit, had preceded him in his journey, and were waiting his arrival. Some of these must be introduced to the reader in the course of the narrative, as they become connected with the incidents which it is intended to recite. But, as it would occupy too much room in the outset to detail the various characters which will have to appear on the stage, it will be better to give the outline of each individual, as he is brought upon the carpet to perform his part, or to stand in the niche which he is intended to fill.

The arrival of Prince Gregory was quickly circulated from one end of Brighton to the other; the shops and public buildings were immediately illuminated; the bells rang out their merry peels; every coun-

tenance was lighted up with the smile of hope and joy; the dullness and desolation which had so recently reigned, were entirely forgotten; and a foreigner, landing on that auspicious night, would have felt not a moment's hesitation in declaring that he reached the Elysium of the modern world.

CHAPTER II.

The raffle at Duodecimo's library.—The beautiful bomb model The regency work-box.—Sir Bully Banter, and Molasses. Molasses wins the bomb, and Lady Evergreen the box.—A fit disposal of the other prizes. Sir Charles Placid and Miss Evergreen. Argument between a Member of Parliament and a Lady of Fashion.—The Statesman compelled to make a precipitate retreat.—A short sketch of Sir William Evergreen.—The combustibility of feminine affection.

ON the very evening of Prince Gregory's arrival, a raffle was held at Duodecimo's library, which was attended by all the fashionables in Brighton. It was, in fact, a general lounge, at which all the

news of the place was talked over, the little scandals which give life to modish assemblies circulated, and the intelligence brought by the mail from the metropolis discussed.

The company mustered rather scantily, for the circumstance of the illustrious visitor's arrival attracted as many as were in favour at court to the Pavilion, to leave their names, and make such inquiries as either their inclinations or their interests prompted. Those who met together at the raffle, therefore, were disappointed or discontented individuals, who either could not, or would not, be amongst the humble servants of the prince; but who preferred to remain at a humble distance, and to chew the cud of disaffection, or some feeling of a kindred nature, amongst companions of a corresponding stamp.

Duodecimo, anxious to delight his exalted patrons, (for he had not sufficient judgment to discriminate between the shades of character of which his company was composed,) opened the pleasures of the evening with a communication of the happy circumstance which had just taken place:—

"Ladies and gentlemen," said he; "the Prince is a prince of manifold and manifest virtues, and one of the highest of them, as I am a judge, is his affection for Brighton, which yields support to many of his most loyal and most loving subjects. He may, indeed, be justly termed the father of his people."

The bookseller had gone on, perhaps, to a greater extent, had not the dowager Lady Evergreen, an old lady who prided herself upon being the best female poli-

tician of the day, and who had studied Locke on Government (which, by the way, is too learned for the comprehension of an Irish university for the last six years, been seized with such a violent inclination to laugh, that she could not possibly resist its power. The residue of the company, who appeared to be only waiting for a precedent, very speedily joined in concert with her ladyship, and the whole assembly was soon in a complete convulsion of merriment.

Such an unmannerly interruption might have discomfited a man of less nerve and more feeling than Duodecimo, but he had been long used to the fastidiousnesses and eccentricities of high life. It was not therefore to be wondered at, that what would have daunted a less experienced individual, passed over his mind without producing any visible effect what-

ever. With the utmost composure imaginable he stroked his chin, and smoothed his neckcloth, until the fit had pretty well subsided, and then renewed his oration. "Ladies and Gentlemen, the arrival of the Prince has deprived me of the honor and pleasure of a more numerous company this evening. This lottery, ladies and gentlemen, is none of your deceptive schemes; no vile decoy to draw your money out of your pockets; we have no blanks, so that every adventurer is sure to have at least some consideration of value for his money. The first prize ladies and gentlemen, is a most beautiful model in ivory and gold of his Royal Highness's Bomb. You see here, ladies and gentlemen, the green dragon as natural as life, and all the other reptiles done in a most masterly manner. I don't know what the real Bomb cost the nation, but I'll be bound to say that parliament

would be anxious to make a national property of this most inestimable model, and to place it amongst the curiosities in the British Museum. Number one, ladies and gentlemen, is taken by Lady Stewart, nnmber two by Lady Herbert, and number three by Lady Pelham I am commissioned to throw for the three . so with your leave, ladies and gentlemen, I'll begin.—Sixes for Lady Stewart aces for Lady Stewart—deuce and ace. The devil! her ladyship's distanced, to a dead certainty."

"Well, indeed, it is a delightful Bomb," said Lady Evergreen, "and I hope I shall yet stand a chance for it. I never throw less than twenty-five. But, lud, Mr. Duodecimo, if the prince had seen this he would surely have taken all the shares."

"Alas! my Lady," cried Duodecimo, "*nemo mortalium*, as the Eton Latin Grammar, published by T. Pole, hath it. I have oftentimes missed the chance of making my fortune, in order to afford a treat to the beau monde. Heaven and earth! only nineteen for Lady Herbert. That jilt Fortune has given me the slip to-night. Now for the last effort. This is somewhat better. Twenty-four for Lady Pelham."

The smile which had lighted up the countenances of the company at the ill success of the two first throws of Duodecimo, subsided at the menacing aspect of the last. "Give me the dice," said old Molasses, a West India merchant from the metropolis; "seven to five that I beat the last throw.—Is any body inclined to take my bet?"

Sir Bully Banter, who prided himself, while he disgraced his title and family, as a most conspicuous patron of cock-fighters, bull-baiters, jockies, black-legs, and swindlers, was always ready to take odds; scarcely, therefore, had Molasses proposed the wager, before the knight exclaimed, with an eagerness of manner which plainly shewed that his heart was in the business, "down with the stake, my hearty cock; d——mme, if it was for thousands instead of pounds I would take you.—You are sure to lose, my old boy; so think again, and do the handsome thing for me to let you off."

The words had scarcely passed from his lips before Molasses, who was no flincher, had deposited his stake, snatched up the dice, and thrown sixes, Casting a triumphant look at the knight, the citizen threw again — ace, deuce. Sir

Bully pulled up his breeches by the waistband, d——d his eyes for being in a good thing, amd whispered in the ear of Molasses that he would get more by shipping sugars than betting odds. A general titter ran through the fashionable part of the company, who had considered the introduction of Molasses, a man without family, title, or pretensions, as an intrusion which ought not to be tolerated, and who, therefore, felt no little pleasure in the prospect of laying the purse of the old speculator under a little salutary contribution.

Molasses, however, no way disconcerted, made a third effort; and, to the utter dismay of the knight and his backers, threw sixes again, pocketed the stakes, and tipped a wink to Sir Bully, which put him out of humour for the rest of the evening. The whole of the groupe

participated in the knight's vexation, when, at the close of the raffle, the citizen was declared the happy possessor of the model.

Lady Evergreen won the second prize, which was denominated the Regency Work Box, being fitted up in the most splendid manner, and ornamented with the figures of Fum and Chum, and all the other groupe of half-devils and half-monsters, which composed some of the richest embellishments of the interior of Prince Gregory's palace. Her ladyship was not a little delighted when Duodecimo explained to her in detail all the beauties of her prize; noted down in her little gilt memorandum-book the different Chinese names as the polite bookseller spelt them to her, and taking the valuable Box under her arm, in order that no accident might befal it, tripped away to exhibit its beau-

ties to her friends, and to enjoy the envy they must feel at her extraordinary good fortune.

Sir Bully Banter gained a copy of Gambado's Horsemanship, which he swore was worth a score of pounds at least, and vowed to dispose of it in the same manner at the next meeting of the ——— hunt.

General Tunbelly, who had come in almost at the close of the lottery, threw eighteen, but was pretty well contented when Duodecimo handed him over a copy of Raffald's Cookery, and an Essay on Diseases of the Bladder.

Mrs. Stewart threw for Mr. Vansputter, but was almost ready to bite her nails with vexation, when she found that she had only won for her dear friend Cocker's Arithmetic, and for herself, a splendidly

bound copy of Trials for Adultery. After a little consideration, however, she made up her mind to keep Cocker herself, and send Vansputter the Trials for Adultery to amuse his leisure hours.

The rest of the prizes consisted merely of some shewy specimens in choncology and mineralogy; and each individual was fain to appear contented with the bagatelle which was given in return for the guinea adventure. Duodecimo was the principal gainer by the speculation, since, two or three times a month, by a recurrence to this scheme, he levied considerable sums from the shoals of flats which the tide of fashion floated into this modish port, and cleared his shelves of a countless variety of articles, which did not possess sufficient attraction or intrinsic value to allure purchasers.

Without accident or impediment Lady Evergreen reached home with her valuable Work-box and its appendages; and finding her daughter the Honourable Miss Evergreen engaged in a close *tête à tête* with Sir Charles Placid, she immediately began to expatiate most learnedly and vociferously upon the numberless beauties which gave such a bewitching *contour* of of this inimitable *bon bouche* of fortune. "I assure you, Sir Charles, and you my dear Teresa, that this is a most prodigous prize," exclaimed her ladyship. "Fortune was ever kind to me, and you may remember the Pigot diamond lottery, I was within two of the fortunate number. Draw your chair close, Sir Charles; look here, let me tell you what these figures are. This most beautiful monster is no other than the Chinese [illegible]."—

"I beg your ladyship's pardon," inter

rupted Sir Charles, "I know of no *Chinese* monster of that name; I presume your ladyship must have intended to say the elegant Fum."

"You are right, Sir Charles; you are perfectly right," said her ladyship with the most complaisant smile imaginable; "what a palpable misnomer; how could I so vilely miscall the beautiful creature. What an inexpressible sweetness of countenance! Don't you think it admirably like the Prince? By the bye, have you been, Sir Charles, to the Pavilion?"

"Oh yes, my lady, —this moment come from there—terrible upstir I assure you—all in complete confusion there. Do you know, my lady, the prince was not to have come for these ten days. The painters have but half done the banqueting room; and the interior looks for all the

world like a man with half his face shaved, and a black stubble appertaining to the other half."

"Yes, and would you believe it, mamma," said Miss Evergreen, "Mrs. Seymour's *boudoir* is in perfect dishabille; and I dare say it won't be possible to get it fit for her to sit down in for at least a fortnight to come."

"Well, I am quite shocked!" replied her ladyship, holding up her hands in an attitude which seemed to convey a blended expression of surprise and concern; "Well but, Sir Charles, how happened all this? Surely it was not for want of money; though I may tell you in confidence, I have it from the very best authority, that the Prince was so extravagant during his last visit here, that he actually must be obliged to raise more money in the best way he can. But pray, Sir

Charles, what made him come away from his house in town in such a prodigious hurry; can you tell?"

Sir Charles was one of those men who, possessing somewhat less than the common allotment of brains, are ever studying to impose upon the world a belief that they have, in reality, more than an usual share He studied to appear absent. The slightest question seemed to throw him into a profound and mysterious reverie; and when his answer came, it was generally a strange unconnected compound of shreds and patches, which really expressed nothing, but seemed to imply a wondrous labyrinth of meaning.

Into one of these fits of abstractedness the question of Lady Evergreen immediately plunged Sir Charles. He shook his head most significantly, after a pause of

some three or four minutes, twirled his watch chain with his fingers, gave three or four shrugs importing something very strange, and then, with a studied stammer and laboured incoherency, began his reply. "My dear Lady Evergreen, you must excuse me. 'Pon my honor, you are a very witch, and seem to know all about our great Macbeth. Strange tales afloat—Night-shade berries will ripen as well as hips and haws—Monday's a black-letter day—Two days in December are not sufficient to shake off the horrid influence of a November atmosphere—a light pair of heels are the best friends in a perilous battle—Princes in the hands of a mob are like pearls before swine—Hunger will eat through stone walls. You'll excuse my being more comprehensible."

"My dear Sir Charles," replied Lady Evergreen, "for a man of your learning

and wit, you are amazingly clear. But really you fill me with terror. Surely the *canaille* have not dared to offer violence to family worth and hereditary rank! What a shocking idea to think that the circumstance of my being descended from Prince Blufus, after an interval of sixteen centuries and a half, which entitles me to rank amongst the most ancient of our nobility, should not have power to protect me from the insolent violence of the miscreant mob. But bless me, Sir Charles, when do you expect them to arrive here? Oh, Teresa! Teresa! we hav'nt a minute to lose. Let us set sail in the first packet, and escape from a country where they are become so wicked as to have no longer a respect for family honors!"

"You quite misunderstand me, my dear Lady Evergreen," replied Sir Charles, in-

terrupting her and laying his hand emphatically on her shoulders—" Did I say a word about a mob coming, or family honors?''

" Oh no, my dear Sir Charles, you did'nt say it—you left it all to be implied: and people of my rank and family are always apt of apprehension. I know there's danger—I can read it in your looks. Advise me what to do, Sir Charles."

" Why as to danger—Danger, as our great philosophers would say, implies either the presence or proximity of evil. Now my Lady, here is no evil present, nor is there any evil proximate, to my knowledge. Argal, as Shakespear would say, because he did say so, there is no danger. Now this is logic I picked it up at the Forum; and what is logically right, my lady, must be right; therefore I think there is no danger."

"Really, Sir Charles, you are so acute," cried Miss Evergreen, who could no longer restrain her rapture on hearing Sir Charles discourse so eloquently, for Sir Charles was her professed lover;— "well, you are so acute," she repeated; "now who would have thought that you could have put words together so prettily? Pray, Sir Charles, what can be the reason that you never speak in the house? Do make some speeches!"

"Not a syllable on that subject;—my modesty, my dear Teresa, will not suffer me to expose myself to such a set of quizzes as are to be found in that house. Besides, I could give another reason. The patronage of power is sweet; eloquence requires great exertions—silence none; They say the money gained by toil is sweet—to my taste, the reward of indolence is sweeter."

"Aye, aye," cried Lady Evergreen, "leave Sir Charles alone; he has got his logic for every thing. He's never at fault on any subject; set him to talk divinity, and he would poze Dr. Sutton."

"But pray, Sir Charles, you made me no answer about the money—Don't you think the prince has been a little extravagant lately? I mean a little too much so, Sir Charles?"

Sir Charles pondered a minute or two, and then replied, "Why as to extravagance—extravagance is inseparable from his situation. I should rather express it magnificence Whose money does he spend? the money of those who ought to have no pleasure but his pleasure, no interest but his interest; who should consider it a privilege that they are allowed to find the means of his enjoyments, and to endure hard-

ships even of the most biting description, counting them so many honourable evidences of their loyalty and affection for him, who has been decreed by heaven to hold controul over them."

"Well, I declare," replied Lady Evergreen, "you improve prodigiously, Sir Charles; I never heard you speak so much to the point before. Well, it is really now a charming idea that we great folks should be lords of the soil: and all the inferior classes are, as it may be called, our cattle and our drudges; the sweat of whose brow is intended to supply us with all the luxurious beauties of life. But still, my dear Sir Charles, there's something more I want to know. Has not the prince been a little too extra—— I mean magnificent? That is to say, hasn't he involved himself so deeply, that it will require great time, and be a work of mighty

difficulty for his subject-drudges, sweat as much as they will, to drag him out of the mire into which this beautiful magnificence has plunged him?"

"Why, as to that matter, my lady," said Sir Charles, placing himself in a rhetorical position, and gracefully laying the fore-finger of his right hand across the fore-finger of his left; "as to that, my lady, we all know that he must come to parliament; and the parliament is made up of very considerate men. We members of the lower house,—I call it the lower house for the sake of form, although it is, in fact, superior to the other in all its avocations,—we, my lady, never severely sit in judgment upon the liberalities of the prince. The minister comes down to the house; tells us that the receipts have been so much, the expenditure so much, and so much the de-

ficiency. He laments that the defalcation should be so great; attributes it to circumstances which could neither be foreseen nor avoided; makes an eloquent harangue upon the manifold virtues of the prince, and leaves it to us to act with a munificence worthy of a great nation; we take it all for granted, and give him all he asks."

"Well, I declare that's prodigiously kind," returned her ladyship, "but still you don't answer my question. All this may do uncommonly well when there is plenty of money in the country, which you members of parliament can lay hold of just whenever you have a mind: but just tell me what would be the use of your saying, 'Your Royal Highness is a charming fine fellow, and knows better how to spend money than any one else; and as the proper support of your dig-

nity has required a hundred thousand pounds more this quarter than the last, we vote your Royal Highness the money to make up the deficiency,' when you have got all the money that is to be got, and are not able to squeeze another guinea out of the hands of the nation? Now tell me, Sir Charles, what could you do in that case?"

Sir Charles was really thrown into perplexity by this question. It was no longer an affectation of absence, a study to appear lost. Throwing himself back into his chair—fixing his eye on the ceiling, and twirling his fingers, he began to hum a tune for the space of some twenty or thirty seconds, and appeared in every way disposed to scout a question which he knew not how to answer; but Lady Evergreen was not to be diverted from her object by any manœuvre of this de-

scription. With a triumphant whisper in her daughter's ear, that she fancied she had been too much for Sir Charles's logic at last, she drew her chair closer to that of the puzzled baronet, and, giving him a sudden slap on the shoulder, repeated her question with ten times more emphasis, and a smile of conscious superiority.

Roused from his inattention by the repetition of the question, Sir Charles began to stammer forth a reply—"Really, my lady, you have placed the subject in a very new, and, pardon me for saying, unparliamentary point of view. It is not the business of us, my lady, who sit for the purpose of disposing of the public money, to perplex ourselves about where that money is to come from. You must see, my lady, that such an inquiry would lead us into an endless labyrinth

of labour, and bring us at last, perhaps, to a conclusion quite the reverse of satisfactory. Besides, my lady, you know it can't be to our interests to act in any way opposite to the intention, or offensive to the inclinations, of the prince. But, my dear Lady Evergreen, how I loiter; I declare it's near nine, and I have an appointment at the Pavilion, which I would not break for the world."

"What!" exclaimed Lady Evergreen, bursting into a loud laugh. "Oh, fie! Sir Charles! fie upon it! What, in spite of all your logic, to suffer yourself to be completely beat out of the field by a lady! Well, after this victory I shall begin to have a tolerable opinion of my own abilities, since I have conquered such an experienced logical statesman as Sir Charles Placid, and with his own weapons!"

Miss Evergreen, who had for some time been a quiet auditor of the discussion, but was roused by the imputation which was thus cast upon her lover's talents, could no longer forbear from entering into the field as an offensive ally against her mamma. "My dear mamma," said she, "Sir Charles must understand these matters much better than women, but it is his politeness which prevents him from shewing all his strength, when he is only matched against you."

"Nobody asked you to interfere," interrupted her ladyship in an angry tone. The rebuke, however, had but little terror to Teresa, since it was closely followed by an effectual antidote, in a grateful smile which the baronet glanced at her, for the new path which she had so kindly pointed out to him to extricate him from his deplorable dilemma. "You'll

excuse me, madam," said Sir Charles hastily, and snatching up his hat at the same time in a prodigious hurry, as if dreadfully alarmed lest her ladyship should renew the argument—" I should be extremely sorry to appear rude; and, as I fear I could not continue the discussion without subjecting myself to such an imputation, because I should be compelled to argue in a more positive manner, I will respectfully take my leave, and leave the subject in question for discussion at some future period, when we have more leisure."

As he said this, the baronet, not a little delighted at being able to make his exit so easily, shook hands with her ladyship, pressed that of the fair Teresa to his lips, and took his leave.

Lady Evergreen was the widow of a

baronet, whose political opinions, early in life, had received the false glare of a courtly polish: but, as the footsteps of experience wore away the superficial glare which had at first deceived his eye, he began to discover that the maxims promulgated in palaces, and the practices of modern courts, were but little in comparison with the precepts of that virtuous integrity to which, at heart, he was sincerely attached. The moment he discovered his error he hastened to remedy it, and to atone for it by shaking off that infatuation of custom, and that idolatry of power, by which he had been too long held in bondage. He began to think for himself; to take new and unbiassed views of things; and, instead of lending his intellects out to hire, and forming his own opinions from the model set before him by others, to reason for himself, and to draw from undistorted facts, those simple

and legible deductions which reason suggested, and nothing but the most obstinate blindness could mistake.

Sir William henceforward absented himself from court, associated chiefly with those whose sentiments were opposed to the ministerial circle, and was very soon found amongst the foremost and most eloquent of the band, whose chief object it was to cry down the enormous abuses of the times, and to enforce the adoption of those rules of practical policy, which could alone prove competent to rescue the country from its oppressed and degraded situation. Through the remainder of his life he was consistent, and though forsaken by those courtier-friends who had been his bosom inmates until he had dared to assert an opinion which had scorned the fetters of a servile dependance, by his undaunted firmness and honest en-

thusiasm in the cause which he had embarked, he obtained a respectability of character, which, added to the consciousness of having done his duty, amply rewarded him.

As Lady Evergreen had been in the constant habit of hearing her husband's sentiments, and not unfrequently of entering into discussions with him, it is not to be wondered at that she should feel a gratification in attempting to talk down Sir Charles Placid. No sooner, however, was Sir Charles gone, than her ladyship determined to have the argument out with her daughter, in order to obtain some atonement for the disappointment she had met with from the baronet's sudden departure. Teresa, however, was but little inclined for cool discussion. She had seen, clearly enough, that it was her mother's plaguy itch for argument

which had shortened the visit of Sir Charles; and she was but little disposed to forgive the cause of such an abridgement of his attention. It was not the first time that her mother had stepped in betwixt her and her enjoyments in this manner; and she was always ready to go mad with vexation when she heard her mamma begin one of her logical disquisitions, which usually shut out all other subjects.

Disappointed and nettled as the young lady was at the departure of her lover, the manner in which Lady Evergreen re-opened the argument was by no means calculated to remove the unfavourable bias of her mind. "My dear Teresa," said Lady Evergreen, "now do I think this Sir Charles Placid as shallow a fool as ever lived."

The natural paleness of Miss Evergreen's countenance was immediately lost in a strong suffusion of crimson, the tinge of outrageous anger. For some moments she could not find words; and, after she had found them, it required nearly as much time to find articulation for them. At length, however, she stammered forth a sort of incoherent request that her mother would be more delicate in her remarks upon one whom she had admitted as a becoming suitor for her only daughter; adding, "that if, in opposition to her wishes, and in open defiance of her dearest feelings, she was disposed to continue her comments, she herself must take the liberty to retire."

Her ladyship, however, was not in the most conciliatory mood imaginable; this rebuff, therefore, instead of putting a termination to her ill-humour, only excited

it in a tenfold degree. A sharp retort, which contained a reflection still more severe than the first she had cast upon Sir Charles, ensued, when Miss Evergreen, unable to restrain her feelings, immediately snatched up a candle-stick, and retired to her apartment, without speaking a word, and leaving her mother to vent the remainder of her spleen upon her waiting-woman.

CHAPTER III.

Tunbelly's visit to Prince Gregory.—The patriotism of the Prince.—A scheme in imitation of an Eastern Sovereign in days of old.—Tunbelly's dread lest he should be chosen to accompany his master.—The apprehension removed by the nomination of Sir Charles Placid.—The perplexity of the Baronet on receiving the intimation.—He resigns himself to his fate,—is flattered into something like courage,—and drinks till he becomes a hero.—The commencement of the expedition.

THE morning after the arrival of Prince Gregory, General Tunbelly waited on his royal highness to congratulate him on the safe termination of his journey, to report all that he had done, and to re-

ceive his orders as to what further he might wish to have done. The General was a confessed friend of the prince, and his constant companion on all occasions when virtue and wit were absent.

The first inquiry of the prince was referred to the state of the town.—Was it full and lively as usual? Of whom did the company consist? These questions, slight and unimportant as they may seem, were not questions of mere curiosity. Princes are not actuated by precisely the same feelings as those which regulate the meaner classes of society: etiquette is the helm which every sense and faculty of mind and body obey. The times were serious and menacing, but the prince did not care a rush what the mass of the people might think of himself and his conduct, while the rich and vain, the noble and wealthy, followed his impulses,

and fluttered round him wherever he held his court, or whithersoever he shifted it. He felt, therefore, naturally anxious to ascertain both the numbers and names of those who had been attracted to Brighton by the buz of his intention to Christmas there; and not a little delighted was he to find, from the list which the General had prepared for him, that, let the murmurs of public discontent rage through the metropoliis as they would, he was surrounded by a choice and numerous phalanx of friends, who would sacrifice a hundred empires to please a single prince.

"Yes, an't please your highness," answered Tunbelly, after waiting with all due decorum until the prince had glanced over the list which he laid on the table before him — "We are tolerably full—Brighton will have permanent cause

to bless your illustrious patronage, for your royal visit will throw thousands in the way of those inhabitants who never calculate on making bread and cheese for their families during the winter."

"So much the better, Tunbelly," returned the prince. "I always like to see the people happy, when their happiness doesn't interfere with my own. But I feel more particularly rejoiced at the prosperity of Brighton, because the inhabitants possess none of those lofty ideas of independence which disgrace the community of the metropolis. If Providence decree that they shall starve, they neither worry heaven nor me with murmurs nor hateful petitions, (d——n the word, I wish it was expunged from the English language,) but shew a becoming disposition to starve like resigned Christians. But, talking of starving, Tunbelly, I

hope you have catered well for us; plenty of fish, flesh, and fowl;—eh, General; have you been industrious?"

"Oh, yes, your highness," cried Tunbelly; who, to do him justice, was never backward in carrying into effect a foraging order, "leave me alone for that. My ammunition-waggons were never so respectably filled before; with the means of preserving life too, instead of destroying it. Why, your highness, I monopolized the whole of Covent Garden market for the last week to provide a good garnish for the larder; and, as to fish, I issued orders to your royal highness's purveyor to send a ton a week till further orders. Why, would your highness believe it, as we came rumbling through the roads and along the beach, the half-starved fishermen stood gaping and growling to see the good cheer pass by them, and

cawing like so many young crows for a mouthful. I should have thought that their reverence for your royal highness's name and rank would have kept their mouths shut even if they had been dying for a morsel."

"No, d——n 'em, no, General," said the prince with a sigh, "in all parts of the country they are just the same. But do you know, Tunbelly, I have a whim come into my head which I am determined to gratify. You shall get me a disguise, General, such a one as you used to wear when you hunted the girls round Spring Gardens; and, like the eastern caliph, Haroun Alraschid, I will visit every corner of the place, and endeavour to discover what people say and think of me. If I hear any thing disrespectful of myself, I will cut the connection, and leave Brighton to starve, and it will."

The General was a little perplexed and disconcerted at this fancy of his master; for he was probably one of those counsellors who take much more delight in deceiving their prince with respect to the state of the country than in conveying to him those salutary truths which can alone form the basis of a correct opinion. He felt, therefore, a very natural alarm lest such an excursion as that which was meditated by the prince, should lead to a discovery of the real state of things; a consummation most devoutly to be shunned. He would, therefore, have fain discouraged the idea, had it not taken such deep root in the mind of his royal highness, as to render extirpation impracticable. He endeavoured to multiply obstacles to the scheme; but the more he exerted himself to dissuade his master from the pursuit of his object, the more strenuously did the latter insist upon carrying it

into immediate effect; and the dissatisfied General was at last obliged to yield his reluctant consent.

The arrangement, however, was still incomplete, until some person had been fixed upon to be the companion of the prince in his mysterious ramble. Tunbelly's size disqualified him for the office; for, in a town of such narrow limits and confined population, and where he was so well known, it would have been impossible for any disguise to have given him effectual concealment. Besides, it was necessary that the person selected should be an individual possessed of some share of courage, in order, if circumstances should render its exertion necessary, he might be able to protect his royal master from any consequences which might menace him with personal inconvenience; and Tunbelly, truth to tell,

was the very reverse of a brave man; for, although a general, all his knowledge of the toils and tug of war was derived from his acquaintance with books, which possess the advantage of instructing upon those subjects without exposing bones to fracture or honour to discredit Whether indeed it was his extreme attachment to that law of nature which makes self-preservation its first maxim, or whether it was owing to the consciousness that his inordinate size, in all broils and contentions, must subject him to twice the danger of another man, he possessed an unusual susceptibility of fear, and would rather shut himself up in his bed-room for a week than run the risk of meeting a man to whom he had given offence.

Sensible as he was of his own deficiency in all these necessary qualifications, the General was not without a fear lest, in a

wayward mood, the prince should be induced to fix upon him as his companion. With an alacrity, therefore, which was very unusual with him, he applied himself to call to mind some person who might possess his strong recommendation to fill this perilous and unprofitable situation.—Under such circumstances, he did not long tax his memory in vain. The first person who suggested himself was Sir Charles Placid. He was young, enterprising, and very much attached to the interests of the prince. With regard to his courage, it was a qualification which the General did not take any pains to investigate. The instant his name flashed across his brain, he suggested it to his master, and was not a little delighted when his Royal Highness instantly echoed, with uncommon promptitude of reply, "Sir Charles Placid! the very man!—My dear Tunbelly, I am eternally in-

debted to you for the suggestion. It would be impossible to find a man more fit for the purpose."

It was not customary with the prince to sleep long over a project, upon the execution of which he had decided. Besides, the plan in agitation embraced novelty, and novelty was, to him, the first of pleasures. In the earlier part of his life, indeed, he had frequently indulged in midnight excursions, which, though often productive of considerable amusement, frequently placed him in situations of imminent peril. Of later years, however, for his opinions and views of society had undergone a complete change, he had entirely discontinued these frolics; probably because he thought there might be greater danger in them now than that with which they were wont to be attended. But whether this sentiment arose out of

the impression that he himself deserved less indulgence of the people, or the people merited less of his confidence than formerly, it may not be easy to decide.—"My dear Tunbelly," exclaimed his Royal Highness, "lose not a moment in finding out Sir Charles; explain to him the whole of my intention, and be sure you tell him, I have so set my mind upon the thing, that I will not slumber till I have carried it into effect. Yes, this very night I am determined to take a circuit round the whole of the town."

"Heaven send that all your royal highness's wishes may be as easily fulfilled!" cried the complaisant courtier, inwardly blessing his stars, at the same time that he was merely to convey to another the appointment which he so recently feared would have fallen upon himself. Away waddled the General, as he finished his in-

terjection; but, while he was yet trudging across the court-yard, plunged into deep conjectures as to how this strange expedition would end, he was suddenly roused from his reverie by a sudden and very emphatic slap on the shoulder, coupled with the exclamation, "D——n you, how are you!"

It was Sir Charles himself; and the general, though at first inclined to be a little provoked at the suddenness and roughness of the salutation, no sooner cast eyes on the welcome countenance of the baronet, than his anger vanished in a moment; a smile of pleasure lighted up his countenance, and, in the sweetest accents imaginable, he commenced his congratulations to Sir Charles. "My dear baronet, I am indeed most delighted to meet you. I was, in fact, just coming to seek you. The prince requires your

presence immediately. He has, in truth, the most whimsical scheme in agitation; nothing less than a sally out in search of adventures, in the true La Mancha style. He is to be the Don Quixote of the tale, and you no other than the redoubtable Sancho Panza!"

"What the devil am I to understand, general?" returned Sir Charles; "are you quizzing me? or is it possible that you are serious? Are we really to perform the knight of the rueful countenance and his notable squire?"

"Nothing more true, save and except my salvation," reiterated the general.—"You must arm yourself with something better than patience and fortitude; for the safety of your bones will depend much upon the strength of your arms, or the lightness of your heels. By heaven! for

a field-marshal's baton I would not run the risk of having my carcase so soundly cudgelled as your's may be before the end of this frolic."

"Nay, general, I am sure you can't be serious," replied Sir Charles; "but if you are, the prince must be talked out of it; for who will he find to accompany him on this mad enterprise?"

"You, Sir Charles; you are the happy man, I do assure you.. That you have courage, none will deny; that you are sincerely attached to the prince is not to be disputed. Besides, his royal highness has selected you out of a thousand to have the honour of being by his side, and of participating in all the dangers and difficulties into which his rashness may plunge you both. There is not a moment to lose, I assure you, Sir Charles. The prince is

determined to carry his plan into execution this very night; so come on, my boy, and prepare yourself for this new masquerade."

As he said this, without allowing the baronet time to reply, he took him by the arm, and, without ceremony, or further conversation, led him to the Pavilion, and conducted him to the prince.

Loyal and affectionate as Sir Charles was by nature, the suddenness of the news which Tunbelly had just communicated produced such a strange effect upon his mental economy, that for some time he was actually unresolved whether to consider himself a happy or an unhappy man, and whether to rejoice or to grieve at the unexpected honour which the prince had expressed his intention to confer upon him. The idea that there was danger at-

tached to the scheme operated like the contents of a water-spout on a conflagration; and the poor baronet determined within himself that he was to a dead certainty, in a d——nable predicament!

How to get out of the dilemma was a consideration of more difficulty. It would not do to decline the honour; that would at once be an offence against the prince, and an indirect confession of his own cowardice and he must forthwith consent to the abandonment of all those hopes of elevation which had been the greatest objects of his ambition, as well as the solace of all his leisure hours. Placing the possible perils against the probable advantages the result seemed so flattering to the feelings of Sir Charles, that he found himself presently possessed of a wonderful supply of courage, which not only gave him a much greater degree of consequence

in his own opinion, but actually made him so far forget himself as to rub his hands, with a certain ardour of motion, which was uncommon with him, and audibly to mutter, "It will do, I think!"

"What has pleased you, Sir Charles?" exclaimed the prince, smiling at the eccentricity of the baronet's manner; and immediately adding, "You are the very man I wanted. I have a scheme to propose which requires your assistance."

"Your royal highness confers a high mark of your favour on me in selecting me from amongst so many more worthy." And as Sir Charles made this reply, he bowed his head to the ground, in token of his humility and delight.

"No, no, Sir Charles, you are a good fellow," returned the prince; "and as to

the more worthy that you talk of, why I believe there may be such, but it is questionable with me whether they would either approve or share my plan. But never mind—never mind, baronet; you and I shall do very well. I have determined to go out *incog* through the streets, and along the beach, and round the town, just by way of a frolic, to inform myself what people think and say of me."

Sir Charles's fears returned the moment he heard the proposal from the lips of the prince; there was no longer a loop hole through which even hope could get a glimpse of light It was necessary however that he should affect the virtues of courage and obedience, though they were very far from h's inclination. Bowing himself therefore, he intreated the prince to accept of his thanks for this new specimen of his illustrious friendship,

adding, with an emphasis which required all the skill of which he was master to make it appear genuine. "My life, and what is far dearer, my honour, gracious Sir, I commit most readily and unreservedly into your hands."

"That was well said, baronet," responded the prince; "you may safely commit them both to my keeping. They shall neither of them be endangered, nor shall your attachment go unrewarded.—You are a d——d worthy fellow!"

Saying this, Prince Gregory stretched out his hand, which Sir Charles, half beside himself with extacy, caught eagerly, and was about to press it to his lips, with every mark of reverence, when his royal highness checked the movement exclaiming, "No ceremony, my hearty; you are my friend, and I would treat you as such.

give me your hand; command me in every thing: come, you shall dine with me, and after we have emptied a dozen then for our frolic."

This condescending treatment had such an effect upon Sir Charles as to banish in a moment every thing like fear from his brain. He had never been so particularly distinguished before; a passing bow, and now and then a discriminating smile were the most he had arrived at; but to shake hands with his illustrious master, he had but a single wish at that instant and this was that, not only his dear Teresa had seen his blushing honours thrown upon him; but that the Pavilion itself had been transparent, and that the scene had been visible to all the lords and ladies, the fops and foplings, beaux and belles, which were then skipping in and about the town.

Just as Sir Charles was at the summit of his good fortune, Tunbelly returned and announced that he had provided two naval uniforms, which, with the assistance of a green shade to cover all the upper part of the prince's face, and a few artificial scars to disfigure the countenance of the baronet, would in his opinion be an effectual disguise to them against the most inquisitive eye, and would possess the additional advantage of giving them swords for defence.

Prince Gregory was pleased, and kept Tunbelly to make up the trio, to suggest and to assist in the maturing the plan of the expedition. His royal highness expressed his wish to follow the steps of the Eastern Caliph from whom he had borrowed the idea of the frolic, and to make his way into every dwelling where there appeared to be any proceedings of a ri-

otous nature, or wherever he heard any discussions, as well as to accost every stranger he met.

Sir Charles was a little alarmed lest the officiousness of the prince should lead them into perils which might be much more easily got into than overcome, when Tunbelly, glancing an arch smile at the baronet, for the first time in his life blessed that singular rotundity of stomach which prevented him from being chosen to lead the prince through the labyrinth of danger into which he seemed so much inclined to run himself.

"I have taken a notion into my head," said the prince, "that the people are d—d ungratefully disposed towards me, and make very free with my name, and I have an idea that this exertion will throw some light upon the subject. If

they are as disloyal here as they most certainly are in some places I could name, I have made up my mind to come no more amongst them, but choose some other spot for my annual rustication."

The positive prosperity of Brighton then hangs upon this eventful night," returned Sir Charles, and the idea suddenly flashed across his brain that this was an opportunity to turn him from his design, without appearing to have any selfish motive. The baronet, after an instant's pause, resumed—" If the only object with your royal highness be to ascertain the opinions of the people here, it is scarcely worth the trouble, for I can assure you, Sir, that amongst all the reflecting classes—by every man capable of feeling and judging correctly, you are adored. The inhabitants consider you as their patron and their father, and to a

man would die to serve your royal highness."—

"Then you would not surely deprive me of that pleasure I must derive from becoming personally acquainted with these circumstances?" interrupted the Prince; and then continued "I believe you, Sir Charles; yes, yes, I believe you; and I dare say I shall find myself loved to an extent far beyond what a set of inflammatory, discontented, and undiscerning set of rascals, who are eternally annoying me, would persuade me to imagine."

Sir Charles was concerned that he had uttered an untruth, and if ever the rust of shame can tinge the cheek of a courtier, something, like it, perhaps might have then been discovered heating, and tinging the countenance of the baronet. If so, it was not the consciousness of having

spoken falsely which raised the faint glow, but the fear lest, in the proposed excursion, some seditious tongue might give him the loud lie. It was, in his opinion, ten to one that this would be the case, and he anticipated a thousand reproaches which would be showered on him, as soon as the Prince should be undeceived, and made sensible of the trick which had been attempted to be put upon his understanding.

The discourse, the wine, and the dry conversation of Tunbelly, who was in truth a very merry facetious companion, especially when he had an eye to his own interest in being so, and who just at this time was indisputably the most merry man of the three, very soon dissipated the gloomy reflections which had made a temporary lodgment in the mind of the baronet, and at length drew him for the first

time, since he heard of the night's frolic, into such an absolute forgetfulness of himself, that he had inclination as well as leisure to make some mental observations upon the manners and the state of mind of the illustrious Prince, on whose right he was seated.

It was now that Sir Charles first discovered what he had never before even suspected, that Prince Gregory was not in the highest spirits or, in other words, there was a care festering within him, which would frequently throw a cloud over his brow, and cause an involuntary sigh. The baronet was not a little astonished and perplexed at the secret which his sagacity had found out. It was entirely a new conviction to his mind, that rank, such as that of the Prince, could be subject to a sorrow. With every power to obtain the utmost scope of enjoyment for which

his soul might thirst; all the stores of riches and beauty at his disposal; and the homage of mankind continually pouring itself out before him—what was there that could plant a sting in his happiness—what soil was there in which a care could flourish? He could not resolve himself the question. It was a riddle beyond the reach of his intellect to unravel.

Superficial as was the baronet's knowledge of human talent, he could not observe Prince Gregory (his suspicions once awakened) without being more and more convinced every instant that he was the subject of some internal uneasiness. The symptoms of mental disease are perhaps much more marked and intelligible than those which relate to the body: there is less of technicality about them; they are clear in every conception; without the labour of study or the aid of professional

terms. The forced smile is perhaps a more palpable betrayer of unhappiness than the clouded brow, for there is a carelessness about genuine gaiety which is peculiar to itself, and can never be assumed. Constrained cheerfulness is like the imperfect sun-beam shedding a livid glow over a wintry desert, and only serves to mark more explicitly the dreary devastations beneath.

When wine and grief come in contact, the latter is usually compelled to make a temporary retreat, until the intoxicating vapour has quitted the mind, and gathered its influence from the brain. But even wine appeared to have lost its power over the prince. He drank mechanically, he smiled mechanically, talked mechanically, occasionally cracked a jest, but even this was a mechanical operation—the soul of gaiety was far away.

Taking advantage of the absence of Prince Gregory for a few moments, Sir Charles ventured to put a question to the General upon the subject. Tunbelly at first repelled the Baronet's curiosity with a frown, but the latter made such a conciliating and well-timed apology, that the General, in return for his pleasantness of manner, condescended to inform him, that, for some months past, a visible alteration in the manners of the Prince had taken place: that he was much less cheerful than before, at least there was a greater degree of irregularity in his cheerfulness. "It is very singular," continued Tunbelly, "and I asked Sir Pompius Potion his opinion of the matter."

"Well, my dear General" interrupted Sir Charles, stretching his head half-way across the table that he might more distinctly hear what reply Tunbelly

sould make, "well, and pray what said Sir Pompius?"

"What said he?" echoed the General; "why, he said it arose from some mental affection, and then he used a hundred hard names, the simple signification of which was at last, that something vexed him."

"Dear me, but what?" asked Sir Charles, in a tone of disappointment—"what can possibly vex so great a man? Has he not every enjoyment within his reach? How is it possible he can be unhappy?"

"Heaven alone can tell, my dear fellow," answered the General: "something vexes him—perhaps the ingratitude of the nation; for, upon my soul, baronet, it is impossible to please the people. Let an

angel from Heaven come down to rule over them, and I'll be sworn they would abuse him, and libel him, and blaspheme him, before he had been king a month. Why they want a king in leading-strings, who would not eat until he had got leave from them, and never drink more than two glasses of wine after dinner; they want a camelcon king who would cost them nothing the keeping, and could take their orders every morning for the day's conduct."

"You are right, General—my dear General, you are right," stammered Sir Charles.—"'Pon my soul, I never heard sounder sense in all my life. They do want what they never ought to have. What! do the scurvy knaves think that kings are only made just to do as they would have 'em? Pretty times, truly, when such things take place! No, no—I

would guillotine half the nation before they should gain their point."

"Spoken like a good subject and a patriotic and virtuous member of parliament!" cried the General; and, filling a bumper, he resumed, after a few moment's reflection: "Listen, my dear baronet, listen to what I am going to say.— I will give you a toast. It is the fashion amongst your d——d jacobins to drink 'the cause of liberty all over the world.' Now I'll give you—let me see,—aye, I'll give you, Sir Charles, 'the cause of kings all over the world!'"

"And I would drink it in the jacobinical teeth of all the democrats in the world," exclaimed Sir Charles, whose courage always rose in proportion to the wine he drunk.. "Here's the cause of kings all over the world!"

Tunbelly viewed his companion for some moments with a glance of unusual complacency before he replied, "Why, Sir Charles, you are full of spirit; you are just ripe for this expedition. There is a fire in your eyes which bespeaks intellect, and wit and valour. D—n me, but you would argue down a college of L.L.D's; turn the laugh against a room full of Rochesters; or fight with a whole legion of devils, my boy!"

"Aye, would I, General," stammered the baronet, his consequence swelling as Tunbelly praised him.—"Aye, would I do one, or the other, or all of them. How I should like now to lead a battle! I think, without vanity, I could beat a Scipio, or Hannibal, or Cæsar, or Alexander, or Frederic, or Buonaparte, or Wellington himself. Oh, I could cut and thrust! But here, General, I'll give you

a toast: Here's "War all over the world, d—mme!"

"War all over the world, d—mme!" exclaimed Tunbelly, drinking off the toast.—"You are a man of discernment, baronet, and deserve to be made a lord of. War is all life, and bustle, and animation; it sets the blood in motion, puts money in the pockets of enterprising men, and carries off the dregs of the population. Peace, as somebody says, is an idle unprofitable devil, and a begetter of more bastard children than he finds the means to maintain. War is the companion for me; and let me tell you, baronet, you are a man of discernment, and deserve well both of the prince and of the country. — Here's my hand upon your toast."

Thus was Sir Charles, who, when so-

ber, was so perfect a lover of peace and harmony, that he would rather walk a dozen miles than mingle in a fray, by the wonderful power of wine, suddenly converted into a most redoubtable warrior and, indeed, was so completely imbued with the love of fighting, as to burn with a desire to lead an army!—Who, then, will presume to dispute the efficacy of the inspiration of Bacchus? Sir Charles was now most eager to set forward on the nocturnal expedition, in order that he might have an immediate opportunity of signalizing himself, and laying a claim for some future and flattering distinction.

The hint thrown out by the General as to the merit of Sir Charles, and the idea of his being made a lord, produced a wonderful effect upon the baronet's feelings. Seizing Tunbelly by the hand, although the sudden flow of gratitude and ambition

almost choked his utterance, he contrived to stammer forth, "My dear General, you overwhelm me with goodness. Do you think me fit for a lord? If you say so, I may hope I scarce know what. A lord!—a lord! My dear General, this is an extent of obligation which I shall never be able to repay. One thing more, my dear General; recommend me to the prince."

"Recommend you!" echoed Tunbelly; "recommend yourself, my boy! The opportunity is before you. Be resolute, prudent, persevering, and you cannot fail of success. Such pre-eminent merit as your's places it completely beyond the reach of doubt. You want no better recommendation than your valour, your attachment to the prince, your family, and countenance."

Sir Charles, half mad with extacy, would fain have worshipped Tunbelly at that moment, so powerful is flattery, and so completely does it overthrow all the bulwarks of reason and discretion; but just as the happy baronet was about to deliver a speech full of delight and of compliment in return for what he had received, Prince Gregory entered the room.

It was near nine o'clock, and his royal highness was now anxious to set out on the frolic which was to give him that insight into public opinion, which he so much wished to obtain. Sir Charles was equally ardent; and the General, desirous that the baronet should be taken while the wine was in full operation upon his courage, suggested the propriety of commencing the peregrination before the night should be so far advanced as to ren-

der it impracticable for his royal highness to collect any information from his trip. The prince acquiesced in the opinion of Tunbelly, and, accompanied by the General, retired to equip himself in his disguise, leaving Sir Charles to array himself in his new habit in the banqueting-room.

A very few minutes sufficed to render the double metamorphosis complete. The countenance of the prince was completely concealed under the broad green shade which Tunbelly had so disposed as not to obstruct the sight; and, with equal skill, the General clapped a few disfiguring blotches upon the phiz of Sir Charles, which would have deceived even Miss Evergreen herself, had he chanced to encounter her fair form during this mysterious sally. A trusty sword graced the side of each of these heroes, and a cudgel the hand.

Every thing being thus prepared, and the equipment complete in all its parts, the General accompanied the two adventurers to the outer gate, in order that they might escape the vigilance of the guard, and then, with a whispered prayer for the success of their trip and the safety of their return, Tunbelly took his leave, and returned into the Pavilion.

CHAPTER IV.

Lady Rattle's party.—Her Ladyship's politics.—The arrival of the sham Captain Bounce and Lieutenant Squeamish.—Free discussion.—Sir Harry Buz undertakes the conduct of the two adventurers. Introduces them to Captain Sanguine. The Captain's character. His efforts, expectations, and disappointments. — Captain Bounce in a predicament. Danger of a quarrel. —The Captain called by Lady Rattle to settle a dispute.—Out of the frying-pan into the fire.—Bounce compelled to give a character of himself. —His agitation. He is rescued from the peril of discovery by the energetic conduct of Squeamish, who leads him out of the house.

LADY Rattle had an open party at her house on the beach, upon the precise evening which was fixed upon by the

prince for his peregrination; and, at the particular request of his royal highness, Tunbelly had procured cards both for him and for Sir Charles Placid, under the assumed names of Captain Bounce and Lieutenant Squeamish, whom he had represented as two friends just come in from a cruise.

It was with a view to be introduced to this party, that the prince determined to carry his project into such hasty execution; because, from Lady Rattle's avowed opinions, and from her general connections, he should stand an excellent chance of hearing a pretty free discussion of his own character and conduct, and a portion of sterling truth unmixed with the dross of flattery or deceit.

Her ladyship was a professed politician. A rattle-brained, high-minded fe-

male, whose husband had been dead about five or six years, leaving her in the bloom of youth, and in full possession of a fortune equal to her wants and her desires: she prided herself upon the independence of her opinions, and the consistency with which she could adhere to them. Although descended from a long line of illustrious ancestors, she was so little imbued with patrician pride, that she considered that adventitious honours, and the gaudy distinctions of society, created, in the eyes of heaven, no inequality between man and man. According to her judgment, the superiority of a human being must be sought for either in the preponderance of his intellect, or the magnitude of his physical power. "The brawny arm of the peasant," she was accustomed to say, "gives him a positive power over the puny arm of the noble, which the most glittering title

cannot destroy. In the same manner, the dominion of genius is equally wide as irresistible; the limited understanding, the fettered eye, the soul which knows no expansion beyond the narrow sphere of a technical knowledge, must succumb and bow down to the commanding power of sovereign talent." Carrying these impressions into her political arguments, she contended, that kings were mere instruments of public will; set up as mere ornaments of the state, on the same principle as the state-carriage is finished off with a gaudy head to give the whole a perfect finish. The public had a right to retract, or to transfer it, according as sound policy might dictate: and more than once she had expressed her decided conviction, that, although the family of Prince Gregory had been established in the supreme authority from the wisest of all motives, and in conformity with the soundest of

all principles, yet, as it was notorious that this family, of late years, had so falsified the hopes of the nation, and violated those principles which formed the foundation of their power, she was of opinion that the mutual obligations betwixt that family and the people had been cancelled. and that the nation had an undoubted right to take back the sovereignty into their own hands, and to confer it where there would be less danger of its being misapplied to the injury of those who were its only true and constitutional source.

Such being the expressed opinions of Lady Rattle, and as the parties which met at her ladyship's house were usually invited for the purpose of discussing political subjects, and of hearing her ladyship expound her own principles, it was very naturally to be expected, that, if Prince

Gregory wished to hear home truths, without any of the varnish or distortion of parasitical subservience, he could not have selected a fitter place or more suitable occasion.

His royal highness cordially hated Lady Rattle; nor was this at all to be wondered at, since unpalatable truths, in every station of life, are but ill calculated to procure for their utterers the confidence or affection of those to whom they are addressed. In princes, the operation of this feeling is much more powerful than in the subordinate classes of society; for, as intellectual pride rises in the exact proportion of external rank, those who hold, or are intimately connected with, the sovereign sway, gradually and naturally fall into the error of believing themselves morally and politically exempted from those mortifications which result from the

collisions of public opinion. Every word, therefore, uttered against their greatness is a kind of political blasphemy, which, in their judgment, renders its author worthy of, if not liable to, the worst of punishment.

Probably it might be with some such feelings as these that Prince Gregory went to Lady Rattle's party; but, as his object was to pick up such information respecting himself as he could place reliance on, he resolved to smother any repugnances of disposition by which he might be actuated, and to adventure boldly into the midst of a society where he had prepared himself to receive the most unceremonious treatment which political enmity could suggest.

Having presented their cards, our two adventurers were conducted through a

groupe of fashionable company to the upper end of an elegant suite of rooms, where the mistress of the mansion stood to receive her guests. "Captain Bounce," said her ladyship, "I feel great pleasure in bidding you welcome to your native shores, after the long and rough cruise which General Tunbelly informs me you have just experienced. I regret that we were not sooner acquainted."

"Your ladyship is all goodness and affability," replied the Captain, for by such appellation it will be better to distinguish him during his expedition. "I, indeed, have cause to regret the circumstance. But, alas! my lady, the Bounces, although a very ancient family, never had any distinction of nobility conferred upon them, but have been content to drag away centuries on their family possessions in a remote corner of Cornwall."

"So much the better, Captain; so much the better," replied her ladyship, laying her hand familiarly on his shoulder: "high-sounding titles now-a days are much oftener given to cover disgrace than to reward merit. The path of vice leads directly to the temple of princely favour, while the termination of virtue, in this world at least, is only an abyss of neglect, poverty, and obscurity. As to Cornwall, Captain, although corruption has had a long and strong hold there, there is a determined spirit which has lately sprung up, and which highly distinguishes it in my opinion. But, *apropos*, I had forgotten your friend, Lieutenant—what?"

"Lieutenant Squeamish, at your service, my lady," cried Captain Bounce, pushing forward Sir Charles, who felt much less at home in his new character than his master; "he is young and diffident," added Bounce.

"A singular exception from the general character of young men, but not the less honourable because rare," and turning to the mock Lieutenant, Lady Rattle continued, "if you wish to lose this quality, sir, which may perhaps tell against you in your passage through life, you have only to go to court, where impudence, hypocrisy, and profligacy of every description, are unblushingly practised and openly patronized. Believe me, sir, the court of our day is a most rich and productive hot-bed of vice. But your pardon, sir, I had forgotten you bear a commission which compels you to defend the honour of him from whom you derive it."

Sir Charles, who was placed in a most perplexing predicament by this discourse, and perspired from head to foot lest he should make some blunder which would endanger his character and credit

with the prince, had well nigh betrayed his real character in his eagerness to repel the slander which had been thus levelled against the court. But the Prince had sufficient sagacity to see the danger which threatened to blow his scheme, if he gave time to the terrified baronet to reply to her ladyship. Pushing himself forward therefore, in a careless tone and manner he replied, "No, your ladyship, the Lieutenant is not very delicate on that subject. To be sure, with respect to open enemies, he is commissioned to repel force by force; but it would be a much harder and more unreasonable obligation to impose upon him the necessity of repelling arguments as well as arms. And as to myself, my lady, I have been too much used to mix in the conflict of opinions to let them agitate me any more than a summer's gale does when at sea."

"You speak like a gentleman of sound discretion, and I must introduce you without delay to Sir Harry Buz, my very near and dear friend; for I am sure he will be delighted with you; and while you are on shore, Captain, you and your friend, the lieutenant, must do me the honour to attend my private parties. You must know, Captain, that I have commenced a course of political readings to a party of select friends three times a week. We are going through Locke, Adam Smith, Grotius, Puffendorff, and Malthus on population. The reverend gentleman seems to think the poor ought to be prevented from marrying, because the multiplication of beggary must be an aggravation of the existing disease."

Her ladyship might possibly have run on for an hour, but, at this moment, Lord and Lady Ingal were announced;

and as they were, perhaps, of some distinction, and this was the first time they had honoured Lady Rattle's parties with their presence, it was necessary that she should pay particular attention to them. Captain Bounce and his friend, glad of the opportunity of learning a little more of the company assembled together, were not a little pleased, upon her ladyship calling out to a little weazle-faced insignificant gentleman a little on her right, introduced him to her naval friends as Harry Buz, and commissioned him to take the strangers under his especial care for the evening.

Sir Harry was fully competent to the task which Lady Rattle had assigned him, for there was not an individual of the party with whose character and connections he was not as well acquainted as with his own; for being, by nature, gift-

ed with a curiosity which nothing could weary, he had made it the whole business of his life to worm himself into the secrets of other people. That he had succeeded to a very considerable extent was, in a great measure, attributable to the easy familiarity with which he won the good opinion of his acquaintance on the very first interview; a circumstance which, as it completely threw them off their guard, and opened the avenues to their confidence, greatly facilitated his views.

From one extreme of the groupe Sir Harry conducted his friends, pointing out to them the different characters of which it was composed, and by entertaining them with a thousand anecdotes, which were not a little interesting to the strangers. After they had gone completely through the line of apartments, Sir Harry, pointing out a man of genteel

appearance, who was busily employed in ingratiating himself into the good graces of a handsome girl who was close at his elbow, exclaimed—"There, gentlemen, stands the most extraordinary personage in the room. He is the life and soul of every company, yet is eternally plunged in the cares and perplexities of life himself. Without a guinea in his pocket, he contrives to keep up the best appearance in the world; is invited into the first circles of society, and never wears a complexion of grief even for a single hour. Possessed of the most ardent imagination of any man in existence, he is continually taxing it, and throwing its produce into the laps of his friends, so that it teems with advantage to all around him, but is barren to himself. I have known him send his last shirt to a pawn-broker to raise the stake which he intended to hazard upon a horse-race; but fortune

having favoured him by throwing a five-pound note in his pocket, nothing could stop the career of his extravagance while a shilling of it remained unspent."

"Would you believe it, gentlemen," continued Sir Harry, "that poor fellow is an instance of the grossest ingratitude that was ever shewn towards an individual. When he was in wealthier circumstances, he was the warmest advocate of Prince Gregory; and since his ruin, he has been continually on the alert to serve his royal highness, labouring to suppress every slanderous tale, and incessantly echoing the praise of the prince. By these means he has ingratiated himself among the hangers-on at court, although he has failed to make any impression on the mind of the prince himself. Continually the dupe of promises which were never meant to be fulfilled, from day to

day he has been led on to form visionary expectations; and, though perpetually disappointed, his hope never dies. But, gentlemen, he shall answer for himself; you must allow me to introduce you to him, and I am sure you will be much gratified with his company."

Saying this, Sir Harry conducted his two companions to the eccentric stranger, and, making them known to each other, added, "Gentlemen, as I cannot leave you in better hands than those of my dear friend, Captain Sanguine, as I have some arrangements to make with Lady Rattle, and as I am certain the Captain will successfully commend himself to your good opinion, I flatter myself no apology will be necessary for my absence."

The words were scarcely out of his mouth before Sir Harry skipped up the

room with the agility of a dancing-master, leaving Bounce and Squeamish to find entertainment in the conversation of Sanguine.

A very few moments sufficed to shew the adventurers that Sanguine was, in truth, a man of infinite life and humour. In a few moments he introduced himself to their acquaintance, with all the ease and success of a man of fashion. "Gentlemen," said he, "you are of the navy, I see; and, as Sir Harry says, just returned from a long cruise. Fine sphere for an enterprising young man — great source of fame and distinction. I was intended for the sea myself; but my poor mother, heaven rest her soul, feared lest her dear boy should meet with an untimely grave, and therefore got a commission in the land service—joined for a few months—passed through all the regular routine of

drills, inspections, parades, &c ; but the regiment being ordered abroad on active service, powerful interest was made for me, and I put upon my half-pay. I now turned my thoughts to matrimony—winked at a pretty girl at a boarding-school—met with encouragement—obtained an interview—with the assistance of a rope-ladder, liberal fees, lavish promises, and post-chaise and four, carried off my *chere amie*, and was happy for twelve months. As the devil would have it, my wife played me the same trick as she played her governess, and ran away from me at the moment when I thought she loved me to distraction. Crossed and mortified, I dissipated freely—kept the best company—knew every body's concerns but my own. But, while I was establishing my character, as the best fellow in the world, I ran through all my money, was obliged to put down my carriage and horses, break up my

establishment, and sneak into the hateful walls of a gloomy prison. I had served every body, gentlemen, but nobody came to serve me. Day after day have I fatigued myself with running about to stifle any little tales which were in agitation against the prince. Yes, time and money have I prodigally squandered to stop backbiters who were on the point of railing against him. But, when I asked for a recompense, if I received any thing, it amounted to nothing beyond a smile or a bow. In due time, gentlemen, I was clear of my debts, returned into life, borrowed more money, and started a paper for the express purpose of advocating the cause of Prince Gregory. I applied to him for assistance; received a thousand promises; but nothing of a more substantial nature. The consequence was obvious. I ran through all my funds, found it impossible to renew them, aban

doned my concerns, and marched back again to prison. The humanity of the law cleared me again. I have ever since half-starved upon the little wits Providence gave me; and here I am, gentlemen, smiled on, so long as I don't begin to borrow, with an eternal cheerfulness upon my countenance, a clean shirt, a fashionable coat upon my back, my boots exquisitely japanned, but not a single *sous* in my pocket."

The eccentricity of Sanguine pleased Captain Bounce not a little. "'Pon my soul, sir," he replied, "you have met with scurvy usage for a man of your loyalty, ingenuity, and perseverance. But you will continue to act consistently, as a matter of course; and it is very probable that by and bye the prince himself will make you an ample recompense for his long neglect of you. Is not that your opinion of him, Captain?"

Sanguine looked earnestly at his new acquaintance for a few moments, as if to make himself acquainted with his sentiments, before he would venture to speak more explicitly: then, drawing Bounce a little apart from the crowd, and putting his mouth down close to his ear, he replied, in a half-whisper, "between you and me, Captain Bounce, I'll be d—d if I say another word in his praise. I have served him for many years, as I can bring witnesses to prove, to my own great cost, but as that plan has not succeeded, let him look to it, for I'm determined to publish all I can against him."

The most studied insult could not have given a greater shock to the equanimity of the pretended Captain and his companion, than this confidential whisper of Sanguine. It was not without the utmost difficulty that the former could command

his undisturbed serenity of countenance, while the mock lieutenant stood trembling in his shoes, lest the irritability of his master's feelings should be roused into an improper violence of action.

Such a circumstance however was prevented by Sanguine himself; who, without noticing the effect which his communication had made upon his new friend, put his arm familiarly within that of Bounce, and, with the most easy assurance of tone and manner, resumed, "My dear fellow, did you never hear of a publication which was just on the eve of coming before the world, containing the whole correspondence of Prince Gregory for five and twenty years? Good God, Sir! it was the most cursed thing imaginable! it would have thrown such a glare of light upon his conduct, that he could never have shown his face again."

"Blood and thunder! is it possible? You alarm——d—mme, you petrify me!" cried Bounce, clenching his hands in the most violent agitation, and wiping off the big drops of perspiration which stood on his brow.

"I don't wonder at it—I don't indeed," replied Sanguine: "it petrified me at that time. Zounds! Sir, it was the most perfect exposure—I read it all through, and entered all the heads in my own common-place book. I was one of the principal means of stopping this production. Another person, my dear fellow, got £500 a year for the job while I received nothing. But I have it in my power to blow the whole affair; and if I were to do so, the gunpowder plot would seem but a fool to it, and Guy Fawkes has not made half the noise in the world which I should make. Don't you think, Captain, the joke would be admirable?"

"Joke admirable! dont I think?" stammered Bounce, and then, after the exertion of a moment or two to collect his ideas, continued, "why really, Sir, I think it would be a serious one—I hardly know what might be the consequences; at all events it might be as well to advertise him of your intention, since it is probable he might take some steps to satisfy your wishes without suffering things to come to such a crisis."

"Advertise him of it!" echoed Sanguine, "what good would come of that? I should get laughed at again, as I have been a hundred times before. No, no—let him find I am in earnest, and then, probably, he may shew a little more attention to me than he has usually done—I dare say you know his confidential friend, Colonel Macaroni; well, Sir, once upon a time if I only sent a letter to request an inter-

view, not a moment was lost in sending me the most gracious reply imaginable; and if I met him in the street, I was uniformly favoured with a familiar shake of the hand; but times are materially altered now, Sir; my letters remain unanswered—as for an interview, I suppose I may expect one at Doomsday, but it would be folly to look for one sooner; and if I see him in the street, he busily employs himself in placing every particular hair of his horse's mane, until I have got some twenty yards beyond him, by which time he recovers himself sufficiently to lift up his eyes."

Bounce felt at this moment perfectly well disposed to knock down his new-found acquaintance; but as such a step must inevitably have led to his own detection, he prudently bridled his feelings

of resentment, and endeavoured to turn the subject, by soliciting Sanguine to give him a little insight into the character of a tall, awkward-looking, over-grown individual, who was standing at a few paces distance from them.

"That, my dear fellow," returned Sanguine, "that is the only son of an alderman of the metropolis. He is about four and twenty—has as much grace as a bear, and as much intellect as a monkey.—His mother kept him in petticoats till he was near eighteen, to prevent his father from taking him away from her side, to send him forth into the world. He was for some years considered in the neighbourhood, a curiosity at least equal to the Irish giant, or the elephant at Exeter Change. Speak to him of politics, and his answer is an idiot stare—talk to him

of science, and he gapes in your face—but greet his refined ears with the celebrated nursery couplet,

"Hey diddle diddle,
"The cat and the fiddle"—

and you expand his soul in a moment—he feels himself at once in his native element, and on such a congenial subject would presently talk you down one of the first philosophers of the day. Were his mind equal to his body, he would appear such a giant in intellect, that none would venture to cope with him. But, alas! it is a most diminutive jewel, put up in a gross and immense cabinet, which will never reward the toil of him who ventures to explore it."

"By my word, Sir, you have most facetiously drawn his character," said Bounce, who was not a little pleased at

Sanguine's humour. "I rejoice much to have found so entertaining and well informed a companion."

"Now, from my soul, that is downright flattery," cried Sanguine, affecting a confusion which he was far from feeling—"It is I who have cause to be proud to meet a man of your discernment. But since you have so high an opinion of me, and seem disposed to be friendly, I'll take your advice upon a project which I have in contemplation. I have abilities, which properly directed, must make my fortune. This is an indisputable point. The only question then is, how they can be best turned to advantage? There is not a being in the world who has such a fund of anecdote as I have, or such continual opportunities of increasing it. I have tried to turn my talents to the service of the prince, and his friends; but they, al-

though not in words, have said it in effect, 'Sanguine, your genius is of no value to us, therefore you are at liberty to take it to any market you please.' This insulting treatment has convinced me that there is no reliance to be placed upon either the generosity or gratitude of princes and their ministers, and has determined me to publish all I know against them, in order to extort from them, by fear, that which they would never grant from affection. Yes, my dear fellow, it is my proposal to turn author immediately; and I mean to begin with a most severe and interesting philippic against the prince himself."

"Against the prince, eh!" echoed Bounce, "why really, Sir, I think it would be d—d inconsistent—I mean to say, would it not be better to try fair means once more, before you resort to a scheme

which must end all friendship? If you openly throw down the gauntlet against Prince Gregory, you cannot reasonably indulge any future hopes of support or patronage from that quarter."

"I have tried that already too often," replied Sanguine, in a more elevated tone of voice, as though the recommendation had excited some irritability of feeling; "I have tried it too often," repeated he, "and I will now take care to let Prince Gregory know that I am acquainted with a good many matters connected with his private life, which he imagines to be unknown beyond his palace."

The tone and manner of Sanguine, as he made this reply, were marked with so much impetuosity and choler, that the sham lieutenant was again agitated with apprehension lest the dispute might end

in something more serious than words, especially when he saw that Bounce began to glance now and then certain looks of fury about him, and to pace the room with such irregularity as portended a storm.

At this critical moment however, Sir Harry Buz suddenly came up to the party with a request from Lady Rattle, that Captain Bounce and his companion would have the goodness to act as arbitrators in a dispute which was then in discussion between herself and a few select friends at the other end of the appartments. Bounce was to the full as well pleased with the occasion thus given him to break off a conversation, which, instead of satisfaction, threatened now to produce nothing better than an impolitic heat and irritability of disposition, as was the Lieutenant himself, who had began to

anticipate such tremendous consequences from the continuance of the discourse. They accordingly made a hasty apology to Captain Sanguine, and followed Sir Harry to Lady Rattle.

But, alas! some malignant influence seemed to overshadow every circumstance of the evening; and Bounce had no sooner escaped from one dilemma than he found himself placed in another. The question in discussion between her ladyship and her friends, related to the opinions which foreigners held with regard to the character and conduct of Prince Gregory. "My dear Captain Bounce," said her ladyship, "you have had much intercourse with foreign states, and experience has gifted you with sufficient knowledge to decide the argument which is now between us. I maintain, that the character of the prince is more freely and dispassionately discuss-

ed abroad, where the public judgment is much less under the influence of party bias and party prejudice, than our opinions at home. Foreigners see his follies in their proper light, and are enabled to take a more correct view of their probable effect, both on the moral and economical prosperity of the country. According to my judgment, the aggregate of the public opinion abroad would go to the condemnation of the prince, as possessing less virtue than he ought to possess, and concealing a portion of what he does possess."

"Your ladyship's opinion," exclaimed a little gentleman, in a very shrill voice, "implies qualified censure upon the prince. Now, to the best of my information, there ought to be no kind of a qualification in it at all; for I believe that foreigners have a much meaner opinion of the prince's intellectual powers than he

deserves; and perhaps a more violent opinion respecting his conduct, than even we at home."

"Well, well," cried Lady Rattle, in a gay tone, "let Captain Bounce decide the question. I will pledge myself to submit to his judgment, be it what it may, even though it pronounces me grossly ignorant."

Bounce, thus called upon, was utterly at a loss in what terms to fashion his reply. He was terriby afraid of giving the slightest cause for suspicion of his real character; for he was aware that even a single impetuous word might draw a hundred eyes upon him, and lead to that rigid investigation which would scarcely leave him even the hope of escaping detection.

"Your ladyship honors me much," said he, after some pause, "in constituting me the arbiter of a discussion so difficult to be determined. At home and abroad it has been my fortune to associate with mixed companies; and, as I always shunned taking part in political discussions, I had but limited opportunities of making myself acquainted with the public sentiment. As far, however, as I have the competence to judge, I should rather incline to lean to your ladyship's side of the argument; and to pronou ce the more qualified censure th more extensively correct"

"Perhaps, sir," exclaimed the squeaking little gentleman, "you will tell us, that foreigners are not in the habit of censuring the prince; but, on the contrary, that he is held up for general imitation, as a model of the rarest and most renown-

ed virtues! Probably, you may have heard him extolled for temperance, chastity, and an ever-wakeful liveliness to the wishes of the people!"

Bounce felt his choler rising at the sarcasm which was thus thrown out against his real character; but prudence whispered to him, that, as he had condescended to put on a disguise, and to enter the school of truth *incog.* he must expect to be treated *sans ceremonie*, and learn to endure the mortifications to which he had spontaneously, although perhaps somewhat incautiously, thus exposed himself.

Assuming as complacent a look as possible, Bounce immediately replied, "That no man could consistently give Prince Gregory such a character as that which had just been sketched by the gentleman who had last addressed him. He declared

that he had spoken to the best of his knowledge. He had indeed heard of some who had lampooned his royal highness without any mixture of mercy; but the general bias of his opinion, from what he could gather from recollection, was correctly such as he had stated. As for himself, he should be the last man to stand up the advocate of his master's virtues. He had long been convinced, and felt a severe mortification in the conviction, that countless vices, of the most gloomy and heterogeneous countenance and character, were thrown together in the composition of his master, the prince; and this admission he hoped would be sufficient to free him from the imputation of giving any false tinge to the information which he had picked up on the subject, in the course of his wanderings round the world."

"That's d—d good," said a voice behind Bounce. "I have noted every word down in my pocket book, and will put it in print in the first publication which I bring before the world. I have been looking about for a little information on this subject, and I thank you for it, my dear fellow. But ah! what a close fellow you are!—Could not get you to say a word against Prince Gregory a few minutes ago!—I expected a broken head for hinting such a thing."

It was no other than Captain Sanguine himself, who the moment he heard that Sir Harry Buz had brought a message from Lady Rattle to the strangers, felt an invincible curiosity to be acquainted with the particulars of the secret conference which was to take place. He had, therefore, cautiously followed the groupe on tiptoe, determined not to lose an inch of

them, lest he should also lose any part of a communication, the great merit of which in his estimation was, that it was something not intended for him to hear. He had listened with all patience to the end, but had no longer the power to restrain the impetuosity of his feelings, when he heard the supposed Captain so freely utter those sentiments respecting the Prince, which until that moment he had suppressed with so much care and caution.

Bounce was not a little mortified and chagrined when he found himself again exposed to the persecutions of Sanguine; and an exclamation of resentment was already on his tongue, when it was checked in its passage by an interjection of Lady Rattle herself, who exclaimed, "'Pon my word, Sanguine, you are a most incorrigible bore; you are continually at one's elbow, seeking for something new."

"'Pon my honor, your ladyship is very severe," cried Sanguine, bowing most complaisantly, as if to thank her for the remark; "your ladyship is always severe. But you really must excuse me if I enjoy my triumph for a few minutes. You must know, my lady, that this eccentric sea-captain had very nearly exceeded the bounds of good breeding at the other end of the room, because, forsooth, I ventured to speak a little freely respecting Prince Gregory; and now that I should catch him running into the same sedition, indeed, to say truth, it is an admirable joke."

Bounce found it impossible to keep his temper any longer. The palpable distortions of his countenance shewed that he was under the influence of some powerful agitation: every eye was turned upon him. Poor Sanguine appeared in a ter-

rible state of apprehension—Lady Rattle was paralyzed with astonishment—while the poor shivering sham Lieutenant saw no other prospect before him than that of certain detection, and a long train of impenetrable consequences beyond it. There was no alternative but discovery or immediate retreat: and in this alarming predicament, Squeamish, suddenly rousing all the energies of his nature, attributed the change in his friend's countenance to a return of the violent paroxysms to which he was occasionally subject; and at the same time, taking him resolutely by the arm, he made a brief apology to her ladyship for their rudeness, and led his unresisting master out of the mansion.

Sir Charles had no sooner accomplished this object, and brought the prince into the street, than, trembling for the consequences of his hasty and unceremonious

conduct, "Great Sir," said he, "I saw no other possible chance of escape; and to have risked a discovery would have committed your royal highness's character to the world. ' Pardon me, sir, and believe it was only my excessive affection for your person, and my fear lest any circumstance should occur to bring your royal highness's name into discredit, which urged me to improper violence."

The prince, who had been gradually recovering his composure from the moment when he had lost sight of those who had been the sources of his anger, was completely restored by the time Sir Charles had finished his apology; and, giving him his hand, replied, "My dear baronet, you essentially served me. You saved me from a burst of impetuous feeling, which must have infallibly discovered my name, and would have injured my

character still more deeply in the opinion of persons always ready to blacken me."

"I am happy to have met with your royal highness's approbation; but will you now, Sir, return to the Pavilion?" asked Sir Charles, in a tone which sufficiently spoke his own feelings—

"No, no, Sir Charles," returned the prince; "we have hitherto only sought information in one circle; it is yet early: let us parade the streets, and I'll warrant you that an hour's excursion will not be unproductive. I have been a little ruffled; but it is probable we may encounter something which may recompense for this first mortification."

Saying this, he put his arm within that of Sir Charles, and led the perplexed and somewhat disappointed baronet into the

best part of the town, where the shops were many of them still unclosed, and the streets had still to boast of a pretty large concourse of wanderers of every description.

CHAPTER V.

The Two Fishermen—Vulgar views of Government; or the deductions of common sense, unwarped either by corruption or courtly complaisance—An invitation to a club meeting, which is accepted—An insight into Prince Gregory's character, which shews that his faults were not his own, but attributable to the evil influence of bad advisers—The Club House—An exterior and interior view—The president, deputy, and members—A rude method of conferring distinction—Prince Gregory and Sir Charles in new and singular situations—Tom Tattle and his budget—The effects produced upon the Prince and Sir Charles by its contents.

STREET after street our adventurers paced, without meeting with a single circumstance which promised to put them in

possession of the object of their pursuit. Sir Charles had a thousand times in his heart, cursed the Quixotic scheme which had drawn them out to encounter the toil and unpleasantness of parading through dirty streets on a dark night; and had not his unalienable royalty stepped in to check the impious sentiment, he would probably have cursed the proposer of it as well. But Sir Charles was too well-bred a man, and too well practised a courtier, to cherish for a moment a wish derogatory to the character of a prince. In the zenith of his displeasure, therefore, he did not suffer his anger to embrace a scope beyond the scheme itself, which had conferred upon him the unenviable distinction of the evening—the honor of participating in the mortifications of his master.

Prince Gregory himself began *to* sus-

pect that his expedition was not likely to be productive of any new adventure; and had nearly persuaded himself to relinquish his quest, and return to the Pavilion, when the conversation of a couple of fishermen just before them, diverted the determination.

"Well, Rawlins," said one of them, "I suppose you intend to go to club this evening? Tom Tattle will be there, and he is just come from town, and will tell us all the news."

"Why, aye, Ned," replied the other, "I suppose I must go and shew myself, and pay my monthly money. But let me tell you, 'tis devilish hard upon poor wretches, who are obliged to toil from morning to night, aye, and sometimes from night till morning into the bargain, to pick up bread and cheese,—it is very

hard upon 'em to have to pay three shillings a month, without the certainty of its ever returning them a farthing, or being of any kind of use to them."

"And so says Mr. Rosebud," answered Ned; "and he therefore proposed his scheme of Saving Banks; but, as Tom says, when a man is put to his wit's end to pick up victuals and drink, what a d——d foolish notion it is to advise him to put by his savings, in order to make provision for his old age."

"Very true, Ned," replied Rawlins, "but its all of a piece with the management of our government altogether. They say that we vulgar folks have no business to trouble our heads about politics; but ought to leave debating about state affairs to those who understand 'em.—But look you here, Ned; if I work hard nineteen hours out of

twenty-four, and after all can't make both ends meet at the close of the year, why d—n it, Ned, I have sense enough to know that things can't be all as they ought to be, but that there is something wrong in the management of affairs, and that something ought to be altered. That's my argument, Ned; and as far as my own interests are concerned, I have a right to trouble my head about it."

The Prince, who felt an irresistible curiosity to introduce himself to these humble politicians, whispered Sir Charles to that effect; and desiring that they should resume the names and characters which they had borne at Lady Rattle's, stepped forward, and addressing himself to the most prepossessing of the two fishermen, exclaimed, "Well, my honest friend, how are times with you? You seem to be a facetious contented fellow."

The fisherman for a few moments surveyed his interrogator with a look of fixed attention, and then replied, " Ah! your honor, I remember the day when I could bring home my twelve shillings to my wife and family. We could have our hot joint three times a week, and never wanted a barrel of good home-brewed in the house: but now, your honor, would you believe it, twelve shillings is frequently the whole produce of a week's labour! Thirty days out of thirty-one, we all live upon fish and potatoes. Our bread is half rye; and, as to drink, why a firkin of the commonest table beer must last us six weeks; and then I am obliged to pay three shillings a month to a club, for the purpose of getting a provision when I grow old."

" 'Tis a great pity," replied the prince, "that a man should not be able to live

well who labours well; but the fact is we are all sufferers. A long and expensive war, my friend, has left us with a great mass of debt and difficulty to get over; but patience is the best remedy—things must by and by return to their proper course, and then we shall get the better of these circumstances."

"I don't know as for that, your honor," replied the fisherman, taking off his hat, and making a leg—"Things be going on strangely in the government. As I'm told, there's thirty or forty thousand a year given to this man and that man for doing nothing; and you know, your honor, two or three such sums would maintain all the poor of a whole county. Then the ministers are always trying to humbug us, your honor: and as to the prince—but if both your honors will go to our club to-night, Tom

Tattle, who is a devilish odd fellow, and who knows all about these things as pat as he does his A B C, will tell you in better lingo than I can. We are going there now, your honor."

Ill humour was for a moment the prevailing feeling in prince Gregory, when he heard the fisherman comment with such freedom upon the measures of government; but the desire to obtain information, even though it might be opposite to his expectations and repugnant to his disposition, soon got the better of every other sentiment, and determined him to accept the fisherman's invitation.

"We will go with you, my honest fellow," returned his royal highness; "for, although I am inclined to think differently on this subject, I have no objection to be set right if I am wrong. I think

you said this Tom Tattle was just come from town?"

"Yes, your honor," replied the fisherman, hitching up the waistband of his breeches as he spoke; "and mackerel is not mackerel if he is not the cleverest fellow at a speech that ever opened his mouth at our club. Why lord, your honor, he has learned what they call logic, and can argufie upon a topic till he makes one's very hair stand on end. I dare say he has brought a rare budget of news with him."

The answer of the prince was brief; for his mind was at the moment occupied in the consideration of the little success which had hitherto attended his excursion. Not a single syllable had he picked up which by any stretch of ingenuity could be construed into approbation of his own

conduct. Every sentiment, every expression breathed a decided hostility; and he began for the first time to feel something like a conviction rushing over his mind, that he was not that tender considerate father of the nation, which his courtiers, in the exuberance of their parasitical hypocrisy, had so often, and with too much effect, represented him to be.

At the same time, however, that this dawn of conviction visited his mind, he began to discuss with himself the practicability of any change of policy, which, by improving the situation of the country, might render his measures more popular, and himself a more general favourite. He had given himself up entirely to the disposal of his ministers; and, although his own native disposition would have led him to the adoption of a

system of public utility, yet his advisers had contrived, by arts the most skilful and successful, to involve his better principles and opinions in such a web of error and infatuation, that he had been for some time rendered utterly incompetent to the exercise of his own judgment. He was now so completely entangled in the labyrinth of a corrupt anarchy, that he saw no way of extricating himself. To acknowledge his own folly, and re-tread his steps, required a strength of mind, and an active energy, of which he did not feel himself possessed. It was impossible! He felt that recantation would subject him to the sneers of all the foolish and corrupt part of the nation; and, as this portion of the public included the great majority, he resolved to have stronger grounds for a change of conduct than the conversation which had passed at Lady Rattle's, or the il-

literate fishermen who had dared to censure him.

By the time he had come to this determination, they had reached the public-house where the club was held. Its external appearance was forbidding enough. The entrance was a low old-fashioned door, the posts of which were perforated and split in a thousand places; and they were surmounted by a tottering canopy of the rude architecture of the seventeenth century. His royal highness was a little discouraged at the singular appearance of the exterior of this rendezvous; and, had it not been for a sudden twitch which curiosity gave him at the moment, he would have turned back and abandoned his pursuit at the threshold.

The interior of the building was not

a whit more prepossessing. The floor of the apartment was composed of large flag-stones, many of which had sunk from their original stations, and formed countless furrows, to the imminent hazard of him who was not well-accustomed to the dwelling. The walls of the room had long since been robbed of their coat, which had once given them a decent and orderlyappearance, and exhibited, through a hundred gaping fissures, an immense skeleton of shapeless and broken laths. A fragment of a ceiling remained; above which the crazy rafters of the roof appalled the eye of taste, and admitted the light through such a variety of apertures, as to render the little old-fashioned casement, which ornamented one end of the room, an article of very dispensable utility. A long table extended almost from one end of the apartment to the other, on each side of which was a bench of equal

length, and at its head and foot two old-fashioned chairs, to form seats for the president and his deputy.

But, if such was the appearance of the room itself as to alarm the nice feelings of him who had been accustomed to repose on the downy couch, under the gilded roof, and encompassed by all the splendors which the most magnificent invention could devise, or the most ingenious art execute; the appearance of the company which filled this grotesque chamber was very little calculated to excite reflections of a pleasanter description. The chair at the head of the table was filled by a rough-looking individual, whose face appeared to have withstood the weather-beating influence of at least threescore years and ten. — A hat, nearly as much worn as himself, surmounted a phiz which seemed

as if it could know no relaxation of muscle except when surrounded by the socializing vapour of the herb which he smoked. His habit was the very reverse of elegant; made of the coarsest materials, it was yet fully calculated to answer all the legitimate purposes of clothing, viz. the affording of warmth and protection to the body; and if his attitude was not graceful, it may be fairly presumed that it was comfortable; for, with his right arm stretched over the back of his chair, and his right leg over the elbow, he seemed to feel the height of human enjoyment.

This eccentric being was supported by a deputy, who seemed scarcely less of an oddity than the president himself. From his habit and appearance, it seemed clear that he had been accustomed to brave the battle and the billow for a long series of

years. He had an eye less than any of his companions, and, instead of holding his pipe with the hand of flesh, which he had originally received from nature, it was supported by a sort of hook of iron, for which, in an unfortunate moment, he had exchanged his own proper member. He had also an immense scar on his forehead, which materially detracted from the little beauty which might be found in his countenance. Misfortune, however, did not seem to sit heavy upon the heart of the tar. He was evidently one of those philosophers, who submit themselves to all the dispensations of Providence with laudable equanimity; and, so long as the hook would support the pipe to his mouth, and the single eye he possessed would enable him to recognise his acquaintance, it was clear that the troubles of life made no very serious impression upon his mind.

The benches on the sides of the table were occupied, perhaps, by as motley a groupe of "patched and pye-bald brothers" as ever were at once assembled together. They were all men whom adversity had evidently beaten into hardihood. "Shirtless and sleeveless," they were, withal, most contented, and smoked their pipes with as much felicity of countenance as the Bacchanalian displays when quaffing his bumpers of claret or burgundy.

Curiosity, however, which had prompted the prince at the threshold of this humble residence to throw away all fastidiousness of feeling, and to encounter whatever circumstance a brief acquaintance with its interior might produce, was now excited in a still higher degree, and determined him patiently to wait for the termination of the adventure. Sir Charles,

on the other hand, who had a much less powerful inducement to curiosity, and who was by nature and education gifted with an insurmountable abhorrence to every thing vulgar, was obliged to have frequent recourse to his snuff-box to keep him even alive, under the accumulated horrors of the scene before him. He endeavoured to compromise with his feelings by mentally persuading himself that, in recompense for the affection and loyalty he displayed in submitting to this worst of all degradations, his master could not do less than confer upon him some particular mark of distinction, as a token of his gratitude. This hope, which Sir Charles soon wound up to a confidence, was not less serviceable than the rappee with which he so often refreshed and excited his olfactory organ, and determined him to summon all his resolution to meet whatever occurrences might take place.

The two adventurers had but a moment to make their observations upon the room and the company, for no sooner were the uniforms recognized by the deputy at the bottom of the table, than without waiting for the ceremony of an introduction, he leaped from his chair, doffed his hat, and roaring out, "Avast heaving, my lads; here's the Commodore;" advanced to the prince, and humbly hoped his honour hadn't come there to look out for any shy cocks. They had all had a long spell, and were all laid up in ordinary, and most of them with their hulls so much battered, and their timbers so rotted by long service, that the best of 'em wasn't equal to a fifth rate

"Down with your fears, and up with your manners, Tom," cried the fisherman who had ushered the strangers into the room. "These are two gentlemen,

who come upon the invitation of Rawlins and myself, to honour the club with their company to night. Their honors will excuse our plainness, and take things as they find 'em."

By this time the president himself had quitted his chair, and approached to pay his respects to the strangers. He begged pardon of their honors for being so long a coming, but as he had but a leg and a half, he hoped he might be excused for being a little slower than the rest. The whole of the company had now risen from their seats, and with one voice called upon their honours to take the chairs at the top and bottom of the table. They would fain have declined this distinction, which was much more than the prince had calculated upon or wished, but there was no way of retreating: they had obtruded themselves into the room, and there was no alternative but to submit

In a few minutes the prince and Sir Charles occupied the situations of president and vice of the most strange assembly they had ever witnessed: and neither of them could avoid indulging in a few reflections of somewhat a ludicrous tinge upon the singularity of their present appearance. Could the court or the people at that moment have witnessed their illustrious master enthroned in a pot house, it may be difficult to decide what would have been the nature of their sensations.

As soon as the prince had taken his seat, he found himself supported on his right by the fisherman, to whom he was indebted for the invitation which had introduced him to the grotesque assembly, while the other had placed himself close to the side of Sir Charles at the foot of the table. His royal highness felt him-

self in a state of unusual perplexity: for the first time in his life he was at a loss for words. The whole of the company had seated themselves, but out of respect to their honours, did not utter a single word. The kindness however of the talkative fisherman by his side, speedily relieved him from his difficulty. "Your honor!" whispered the man, who seemed not a little proud of the superiority which his familiar intercourse gave him over his comrades; "does your honor notice the man upon your left—only three from your honor, with the cocked hat and twisted pipe? That's Tom, your honor; that's Tom Tattle · he is just come from town, your honor, as I told you; and I'll be bound for him has got a rare budget of news. Call upon him to speak, your honor!"

While the pride of the Prince spurned

the familiarity of the fisherman, prudence compelled him to overlook the boldness, and to appear to acquiesce in its suggestions, with an affability which was foreign to his feelings. He accordingly directed his eyes to the object which was pointed out to him, but at the first glance of Tom Tattle he felt such an irresistible impulse to burst into an immoderate fit of laughter, that he was compelled to feign a cough, and to apply his handkerchief to his mouth, to conceal the distortion of his countenance.

Tom's appearance was that of a man about sixty years of age. His eye-lashes had been burnt off by an explosion of gunpowder. His nose was of twice the length and capacity of that which in ordinary cases nature bestows upon a man, and was curved at the end, something in the shape of a parrot's beak. His chin

was a huge promontory, which, with a sort of convex movement, made rapid advances towards an union with the olfactory organ; while his mouth, which made prodigious encroachments upon the sallow territory of cheek upon each side, was utterly divested of every appearance of teeth, and seemed a spacious and bottomless cavern.

There was certainly very little in the expression of Tom's countenance which indicated genius; and it may admit of much doubt whether the form of his head would have furnished even Spurzheim himself with any correct clue to an opinion with regard to any amplitude or profundity of intellectual power. The uncouthness of his figure was well borne out by the singularity of his dress, which appeared to have survived the rusting and devouring influence of two centuries, and

to have been originally designed for some person whose stature, compared with that of Tom, was about in the same proportion as the size of David to that of the Philistine. Whatever opinion, however, any indifferent observer might have formed of Tom's abilities, he himself, if a judgment might be formed from certain prominent principles of self-complacency, which ever and anon displayed themselves in his looks and actions, evidently held them in high estimation, and considered them qualified to shine brightly.

With this natural good opinion of himself, it is not to be wondered at that Tom should feel his consequence not a little augmented upon being accosted by the distinguished stranger who had taken the chair at the head of the table—"Well, honest Tom; I understand you are a man of genius and information; and also that you

are just returned from the metropolis. Now I dare say you hav'n't been there for nothing. You look like a keen genius, and one not likely to let slip any information worth bringing away. Come, give an account of yourself;—and don't be avaricious of your entertainment. How goes the helm, Tom? What's the general opinion of affairs? Are times likely to mend or be worse?"

There was a certain method in Tom's manner, which was perhaps peculiar to himself. It was a natural habit matured by education, and nothing could put him out of his usual course Without moving a muscle of his countenance, he very deliberately proceeded to examine the bowl of his pipe knocked out the ashes, and laid it upon the table Then, rising from the bench, he took off the three-cornered hat which had hitherto remained sta-

tionary on the very summit of his head, and laid it upon the table by the side of his pipe. He then bowed to the strangers at the head and foot of the table, rubbed his hands together, in a manner which denoted considerable self-complacency, and cleared his throat for a reply Not a whisper disturbed the silence which prevailed through the room. But the looks of all the company beamed the very excess of expectation, and the Prince himself, whose curiosity was strongly excited by so general and mute an attention, felt not a little anxiety for Tom's answer.

"It is true, your honor, that I am just come from town, where I have seen and heard many strange things. I have been told of plots and conspiracies, your honor; but it would puzzle those who told me of them, to point out where they

were hatched, or against whom. Now, your honor, there is such a thing as plain sense, and there is also refined sense; and that which is simple and easy to be understood by the one, is very often quite unintelligible to the other. I am a man of plain understanding, your honor, and have got just sense enough to know which is my right hand and which is my left. I am also well enough acquainted with figures to know that two and two make four; which, without meaning to vaunt my own praises, is more than some of the ministers of our gracious Prince Gregory seem to know, if one may decide from their conduct. We are a strange nation, your honour, and are always pleased with the bubble that cheats us. The South-Sea bubble, as your honor knows, tickled the fancy, while it picked the pockets, of the wisest amongst us. Since that, your honor, we had the

Hudson's Bay bubble; and last, and greatest of all, your honor, to make all the other bubbles seem as nothing, the ministers of our time have gulled us all, wise and foolish, with that worst of all conceits, the Sinking Fund bubble.——"

"D——nation!" ejaculated Sir Charles within himself. "If this doesn't give my master a surfeit, I don't know what the d——l will. Zounds and fury! can no means be found out to stop this fellow's tongue? The prince will be as sulky all the way home as a disappointed lover; and I, instead of getting made a peer for my complaisance in consenting to become the companion of his frolic, shall stand an excellent chance of getting a kick in the breech for not keeping him out of such obnoxious company."

As he made this internal exclamation,

he mechanically turned his eyes towards the prince, and immediately perceived that his own agitation had betrayed him to his royal highness; who, by a significant look, which the baronet well understood, checked the progress of discontent in the bosom of the courtier, and awed him again into quiet attention.

"Why, your honor," continued Tom, after taking a draught of porter to renovate the vigour of his oral faculty,—"we have been living at a prodigious rate for a long time—going on as your honor and I should say of an unthinking prodigal, hand over head. Why, would your honor believe it, what with one thing and the other, we are in the habit of spending annually at least an eighth above our income. Half the people are starving for want of food, and half the remainder are pressed to death with taxes which they

know not how to pay; and a great portion of the produce of which is given to pamper a few persons, who do the public no service for the money. There's the prince himself runs on as wildly as any of them. All he can scrape together, whether by taking or begging from the public, he lavishes upon eating and drinking, and upon pulling down and building up, and furnishing and unfurnishing his palaces Here, he's going to pull down the wings of the Pavilion, and make a straight front; and God only knows what that will cost! And then, as to the town, your honor, the town is all in an uproar. There is but one thing talked about, it is in every body's mouth; but the Lord defend me from it; I don't wish for a revolution!"

"Revolution!" echoed the prince.— 'The devil!" exclaimed Sir Charles,

who, having his eye steadily fixed upon his royal highness, saw the progress of the agitation in his countenance, and was, therefore prepared to chime in with the interjection of his illustrious master.—Both of them started from their seats at the same moment, and the movement was mechanically followed by the whole company, who seemed not a little astonished and alarmed at the emotion of their distinguished visitors.

The promptitude and universality of the motion produced an instant effect on his royal highness, and restored him to his recollection. He saw in a moment the error into which his impetuosity of feeling had hurried him, and felt, that unless he immediately corrected it, he might excite that suspicion which it was his main object to prevent. Resuming his seat, therefore, in a moment, with a composed look

he continued, "Go on, honest friend, I was truly astonished; for I really did not think that things had reached such an alarming pass."

"I don't wonder a bit at your honor's astonishment," replied Tom, after giving every body time to re-seat themselves, while he drank another draught of porter; "why, when I first heard of these things, my hair stood an end, and my blood ran chill through my veins. But, your honor, it is not the weight of the taxes which is so much to be complained of, as the manner in which they are misapplied. Why, save your honor, and all good and gallant gentlemen who venture their lives in the service of their king and country, if it was only to such as you that the money of the nation was given, why, your honor could show hard knocks and awkward scars for it, and the account would be

even. But, your honor, and all our gal-gant navy, are not half so much thought about as those fine silver-laced gentlemen who stand bowing at court, and ready to do any dirty work that is asked of them."

A general huzza from the company interrupted Tom at this point of his oration; for the worthy fishermen thought it impossible to give a greater testimony of their respect for their illustrious visitors, than by shewing their decided approbation of a sentiment intended for so high a complement to the naval character. Such a tribute, it might be expected, would have completely overthrown the composure of the prince; but its actual effect was diametrically the opposite; for, instead of creating confusion, it gave his royal highness time to reflect, and reflection was always sure to recall him to himself. He saw the intention of the honest fellows,

and felt that it was necessary to seem pleased with the rough flattery. He therefore bowed, in token of gratitude, for their kindness, and, in a voice of feigned kindness, requested Tom to go on with the contents of his budget.

"Ah, your honor," resumed Tom, who, copying the example of other orators, determined to retouch the picture which had given such general approbation,—"it would grieve your honor's heart to hear what I have heard. There are your poor midshipmen, who have been shot at and buffeted about for whole years, for only a few paltry pounds a month, now, when they expected a good comfortable provision, as a reward for their toil and danger, there they are, poor brave fellows, obliged to sleep in holes, and turn their hands to hay-making, harvest-work, or any other sort of day labour. And as for

the common sailors, why they starve by hundreds in a groupe; and what do the prince and his ministers care about them, now their services are no longer wanted! Why, your honor, if the prince would but venture out of the middle of his extravagances for a little while, and mix a little with his people, if he have any feeling at all he might soon pick up a lesson, which it would not be an easy matter for him to forget. Would your honor believe it? I have heard of great merchants who have kept their carriages and equipages, and been at court, and bargained for loans, and who shot or hung themselves because they could not look poverty in the face. But never, till now, have I seen gentlemen, who once possessed all these good things, either begging in the streets, or seeing their families starve for want of the common necessaries of life. But it is so, your honor; and there are many instances of it to be found."

Here honest Tom paused to wipe his eyes; for, with all his eccentricities, and notwithstanding the ruggedness of his appearance, he had a heart which could feel for the distresses of his fellow-creatures. The prince and Sir Charles were also agitated; but by emotions of a very different nature. The former was occupied in quarrelling with himself, not because he was troubled with the reflection, that any part of his own conduct had caused the distresses of which he had heard from the lips of unsophisticated honesty, but that he had been so weak as to commence this Quixotic adventure in search of truth, which he was now fully disposed to consider as silly and romantic a whim as ever entered into the cranium of the brainless knight pourtrayed by Cervantes. Sir Charles was also in deep dudgeon at the amazing and uncourtier-like liberties which honest Tom took with the name of

the prince; and swore by all his hopes of advancement, that even a dukedom should scarcely have charms to engage him in such another project.

As soon as Tom had wiped the moisture from his eyes, so as to enable him clearly to distinguish the dial of a Dutch clock which ornamented a corner of the room, he re-commenced: "We always break up at twelve, your honor, and time is running on fast; so I must be brief. But, as we meet here every Tuesday, if your honor and the worthy gentleman, your lieutenant, will honor us with your company next club night, I'll even go through all I am obliged to omit to night. Parliament will meet soon, your honor; and, between your honors and ourselves, set down Tom Tattle for no conjurer if there is not some warm work amongst 'em when they do meet.—

Money must be had, but where's it to be had from? The treasury is empty, and the public pockets are empty; so I don't know where it is to be provided. But this I do know, because my plain understanding tells me so, that Providence never intended for a whole nation to starve to support the extravagances of those who hold the government of it."

"Aye, aye," exclaimed the old veteran who had originally filled the chair, and who, till this moment, had remained a silent auditor of all that had passed; "the truth's the truth; and Tom's pretty near about right. While I work I have a right to eat; and who is there that will dare to tell me I have not? I served my king, man and boy, nigh upon thirty years; and if I haven't a right to a bit of bread to chew for the remainder of my life, why

then tell me who is there that will pretend to have a right?"

"Nobody, old Boom," returned Tom Tattle; "nobody has a better right, and very few so good a one. Ah, my old boy, that gipsey Fortune has kept you and me under hatches during the long voyage of life; but never repine: we are pretty near to the end of it; and when the commodore gives the signal for letting go our anchors, there will be an end of our troubles."

The prince, who had remained silent for a longer time this evening than he had done for years past, felt a powerful inducement at this moment to hazard a few words in his own defence. It required, however, an effort of some moments' continuance to summon up sufficient fortitude for the attempt. — "My good friend," at

length said he, "you seem a little harsh upon the prince. Is it not possible that he may be ignorant of the extent of the distress which prevails amongst his people at this time?"

"But he ought not to be ignorant, your honour," replied Tom, with more energy than before.—"He should make it his business to be wise in all these things; for, since Heaven has entrusted him with the interests of a great nation, it will not do for him to make such a flimsy excuse when he shall be called on to give in his accounts. Suppose, your honor, that some children had been rendered orphans by the sudden death of their father, and they and their property were placed in my hands; and suppose my servants had access to this property, and squandered it away on themselves and their friends, does your honor think it would

answer me any good purpose, when called upon by the law to account for this money, if I were to impute the loss of it to the wickedness of my servants, and demand to be excused from the responsibility because I was ignorant of the circumstance? It is just the same with us, your honour: when a king dies, the people become orphans, politically speaking, until his successor assumes the reins of the government; and the trust that then devolves upon him is as sacred as the orphan's fund in the hands of an individual. Now is not your honor of my way of thinking, if I may make bold to speak so familiarly to your honor?"

The prince, finding that the effervescent state of his feelings disqualified him from making that kind of reply which prudence would justify, suddenly started from his seat, exclaiming, "My honest

fellow, I'll argue farther with you on this subject when we meet again. The hand is on the stroke of twelve. I would not on any account be a restraint upon your feelings nor your rules; we will therefore take our leave. You are all honest fellows, and here is a guinea for your fund."

Saying this, the prince made the best of his way across the apartment, with Sir Charles close to his heels, followed by the huzzas and hearty blessings of the happy groupe; who, at that moment, although in his real character they would have treated him perhaps with less reverence than was due to his rank, under his assumed appearance of a good-hearted naval captain, alive to the interests of his fellow-seamen, would have shed the last drop of their blood in his defence.

CHAPTER VI.

The departure from the Club-house. A ramble similar to those which men take when it is dark within them and without them, viz. when both mind and moon are absent.—A new alarm, the precursor of a new adventure not so pleasant as the last.—The particulars of the said adventure, and how it terminated.—Prince Gregory reaches the Pavilion in a queer state both of mind and body.—His fears for Sir Charles. The baronet's arrival.—Cordials for cure, and the recompense of loyalty and danger.

THE two adventure-hunters had but just time to pass the threshold of the club-house before Sir Charles, unable any longer to restrain his feelings, broke out into an exclamation, "Gracious Heaven!

what a set of vulgar unprincipled scoundrels, to dare to hold opinions upon political subjects! I wonder your royal highness's patience could bear it."

It was true, that Prince Gregory contrived pretty well, upon the whole, to preserve his temper while present at the club; but the inducements to a similar restraint being withdrawn, he was no longer anxious to wear the mask —" What, man, what would you have had me done?" asked he, in a tone of such sternness, as made the frightened baronet tremble in his shoes.

"Done!" stammered Sir Charles,—" done, your royal highness! Had you assumed the dignity of your illustrious character, the wretches would infallibly have shrunk into insignificance. By all my hopes of salvation, sir, I think you

have met with such unpalatable adventures this evening, as will most probably prevent your royal highness from wishing to indulge in such an enterprise again!"

The prince made no reply, but lapsed into a profound reverie of no very agreeable nature; for all the events of the evening were conjured up by memory, and over-coloured by fancy, for the purpose of annoying him. All was a chaos within; reason was engaged in a violent contest with all the passions of the breast; it was a squabble of crimination and re-crimination; and the effects of it were palpably visible upon his countenance, which was now bleached with the paleness of death, and anon flushed with a hectic glow, the reflection of the feverish glare which discoloured the region of the heart.

Sir Charles now and then ventured to

take a peep over his left shoulder to catch some information as to the state of the prince's mind, and he soon informed himself sufficiently to decide that this was no moment to worry his royal highness either with comments or questions. His apprehensions, however, were pretty much on the alert; and ever, in proportion as they predominated, the hope of reward, which was his great support and cordial under the most grating circumstances, became sickly and unpromising. Sir Charles resolved not to risk any thing by talkativeness; he therefore remained silent.

Thus taciturn, and with slow pace, the prince and the baronet, engrossed by their own thoughts, wandered, without any fixed object, or in any settled direction, for the space of some ten minutes, when they found themselves close to the beach, and were, at the same instant,

rouzed by an exclamation beyond them in a low tone,—" Twig 'em, Will!—They are on the watch. I am down upon 'em!"

There was no moon, but the few stars which studded the girdle of the night gave light enough for the two wanderers to see two men in sailor's habits dart rapidly past them; a circumstance well calculated to alarm men of more courage than either Prince Gregory or the baronet. The former, however, as soon as he had recovered from the first shock given to his nerves by the strangeness of the adventure, found words to ask Sir Charles his opinion on the subject; adding, " By my soul, baronet, I fear, after all, the worst of the expedition is to come; for they have evidently masked, and I believe them to be smugglers."

" Or perhaps some cut-throat rascals,

set on to destroy us by some villain who has discovered your royal highness!" stuttered Sir Charles, as soon as his tongue made its escape from the iron fetters of terror.

"Away with such an absurd idea!" said the prince, in a half whisper, who wished to impress upon Sir Charles an opinion that he was free from such an idea, although, at the same time, it held tyranny over his mind. "Away with such unmanly fears! It is more probable that they take us for a press-gang, and the fellows who ran away, for you see they are as much alarmed as you are, perhaps are only deserters."

His royal highness would have said more, but a shrill whistle, only a few yards in their front, stopped him short.—"The Lord have mercy upon our souls,

for we are doomed to die!" vociferated Sir Charles, in a loud voice, and dropping on his knees, to give greater emphasis and influence to his ejaculatory prayer.—"Here they are!—Here are the revenue thieves! We'll make salt herrings of the rascals, and be d——d to 'em!" cried a voice at a very little distance; and the next moment Prince Gregory found himself sternly grasped by two hard-visaged fellows, while two others complimented Sir Charles in the same way.

If any thing was wanted to complete the penitence of the prince for the scheme of the evening, this occurrence was most admirably adapted to that purpose. All the harsh terms which had been bestowed upon him in the humble hut of the fishermens' club, or in the more refined coterie at Lady Rattle's, would have been most delightful music to his ears, could he, at this

moment, have heard them from the same tongues: but this solace was denied to him, and the only solace left him was that which he found in reviling fate, and in the loose hope that some happy circumstance might lead to his enlargement.

Shut out from intercourse with Sir Charles, who was dragged away far out of sight and hearing, the prince could hold no consultation except with his own thoughts, and they were by no means very accommodating to his wishes at this moment The fear, however, of being carried out to sea, beyond the reach of rescue, or concealed in some corner where the vigilance of loyalty could not find him, or perhaps, worse than all—being murdered, at length gave an impulse to his reflections, and induced him to make a struggle within himself, before some paralyzing horror should totaly unnerve him.

The fellows into whose hands he had fallen, were dragging the prince along the beach, and loudly congratulating themselves upon their luck, when his royal highness sufficiently recollected himself to lend his ear to their conversation, from which he soon collected that they were smugglers by profession, who had that night landed a cargo of spirits and other articles near the place where they now were; and that two of them, having met with the prince and Sir Charles by accident, were seized with a sudden notion that they were revenue officers in disguise, and were coming to the beach to reconnoitre them and their cargo, with a view to make a capture of them all together.

His royal highness began to breathe again on learning this circumstance; but his hope was momentary, for, in an instant afterwards he heard the alarming assur-

ance that the revenue rascals should be deceived, for the whole of the cargo should be instantly re-shipped, with the worthy gentlemen they had just laid hold of, in order that the former might be removed beyond the reach, at least, of its present danger, and the latter should have the benefit of a little marine correction.

This news was terrible in the extreme to the prince, who saw that his only chance of escape must depend upon his making the fellows sensible of the error under which they laboured, and this would evidently be a task of no light difficulty, as he had no evidence to offer of the truth of any thing he might assert. The effort, however, it was requisite to make; and there was no time to lose in making it, or it would be unserviceable.

"My good friends," said he, summon-

ing up all the courage he could muster, "you are under a strange mistake, if you suppose me to be a revenue officer. Look at me; do I seem to be such a catch-penny ruffianly fellow? Zounds! I hate revenue officers as much as any of you, and would lend a hand any day to trounce one of them, or give him a ducking. Is my dress like that of one of these leeches?"

"Why no, my hearty," replied one, who seemed to have influence over the rest, "your face is not like one, nor your dress, nor your gab But what of all that? We must never trust to appearances; they are often very deceitful; and we have a fine cargo, the loss of which would be the ruin of every one of us. So you know we must take care of ourselves. And pray, where were you prowling to at this time o'night?"

"Your fears are all natural, and your cautiousness prudent, my lads," replied the prince, "but there is no reason for them now. We had just left the fisherman's club, where Tom Tattle had kept us late with his fine account of affairs in town. And as to your cargo, why look you here, so far from wanting to rob you, send half-a-dozen ankers of rum to Tom, and I will give you the money for them."

Whoever baits his hook with gold is sure to catch, as it was in the present instance. No sooner did the prince mention Tom Tattle than the fellows relaxed the sternness of their gripe; but the moment he proposed giving, instead of extorting money, he found his arms unpinioned, and the first use he made of his liberty was to draw out a pocket-book, and to give the knaves a sum, which silenced all scruples at once.

"But you will divulge our secret," exclaimed the man who had before spoken; "yet, on second thoughts, this will pay us for putting out again and seeking another part of the coast. Well, as you know Tom Tattle, and as Tom Tattle is an honest fellow, and a favourite with every body; and as I don't much think you are under false colours, you may march, and your companion, who is by this time aboard, shall be sent after you. But, mind you, if you drop a word about us, so as to lead the revenue sharks after us, your life shall be no longer your own, not even the walls of the Pavilion yonder should protect you."

The prince started at the name of the Pavilion, and, for a moment, could not persuade himself that he was not suspected at least, if not recognized. A short recollection, however, served to dispel the

fear, and to convince him that the expression was merely a casual one, and carried nothing in it more than reached the ear. "Depend on my prudence," returned he, while a strong horror chilled his blood, as the sound of the threat still vibrated in his ears, "depend upon my silence. No individual on earth shall ever gather from my mouth a syllable which can possibly be productive of the slightest injury to any of you. If I break my word, let me die."

The pledge seemed to give sufficient satisfaction, and the prince, finding himself now more in the possession of his freedom, scarcely remained long enough to reply to the smugglers "*Good night!*" but, making the best of his way across the beach, resolved to seek no more adventures, but to reach the Pavilion as soon as he could. As he approached the town, and consequently got farther from the

smell of danger, his courage returned, and, on a sudden, he recollected that he had got a sword. Zounds!" said his royal highness to himself, "what an unfortunate circumstance that this never occurred to me before! Why, had I recollected that I had such a weapon by my side, I could have defended myself against a dozen such fellows. Sir Charles is but a pusillanimous fellow after all, for I am sure he was not so forgetful. Ah, he's a rank coward!"

Thus did his royal highness beguile the way; and, as he walked with much more activity than he had before displayed for many years, and met with no impediment to his course, in a very short time his vision was blessed with a view of the Pavilion just before him, and in the space of some half-a-dozen minutes afterwards he was once more happily seated in his own

mansion, with the anxious Tunbelly standing by his side.

"Heaven be praised for this happiness!" vociferated the General, whose excessive loyalty made him suddenly become pious;—"Heaven be praised! for I began to be alarmed. How hot your highness is, and how fatigued!"

"Aye, General," returned the prince, "and, let me tell you, that you would have been hot and fatigued had you gone through the perils and dangers which I have encountered this night. Poor Sir Charles, where art thou?"

The General had two or three times glanced round the room in search of the baronet; but the moment he heard this chilling ejaculation, he began to perspire most violently, and to thank his stars

that the baronet had filled the post of honor and of danger instead of himself. "Sir Charles, your highness!" exclaimed Tunbelly, "good heavens! I hope no sad disaster has fallen upon the poor good-natured baronet!"

"He was a poor good-natured baronet, indeed," cried the Prince; "I hope those d——d rough fellows will not carry him off, or give him a passport to Davy Jones. Well, well, I think the people in eastern countries in old times must have been a much more civil well-bred set than they are here now, or else their caliph must have had a devilish odd taste to make such frequent visits among them, *incog.* As for me, I fervently thank heaven for sending me a safe deliverance out of the scrape into which my own folly brought me, and if I repeat the offence, may I be left to my own folly to get me out of it; that's what I say!"

Tunbelly was completely at a loss what kind of face to assume, or in what sort of words to clothe his reply, for, to his judgment, the Prince appeared, at that moment, in the most inexplicable humour in the world. It was necessary, however, for him to make an answer, and he accordingly replied, as soon as he could shake off a little of the astonishment and alarm which had made so free with his senses—"May it please your royal highness graciously to inform me if you have encountered any thing particularly unexpected and unpleasant, and what is become of my poor friend. Alas! I fear he's lost—I fear his loyalty has undone him."

"Lost!" echoed the prince.—"Run to the beach with all your regiment, or he will be lost. This cursed night has been prolific in nothing but disappoint-

ment, and mortification, and danger. I have no friends about me; my name is nothing; my rank is nothing; I am not respected by any of my people; even starving fishermen abuse me; and Tom Tattle, in the hour of distress, would be better cherished than I should."

Nothing on earth appeared so clear to the General as that his royal master had lost his wits, and he was resolved to give prompt obedience to the command he had just received, more out of fear than love; for he really was not without apprehension that a protracted stay in his prince's presence at this critical juncture could not be made without considerable risk to his personal safety. He therefore lifted up his hands and eyes, as though under the influence of the most violent emotion in the world, exclaimed, in a sort of half-audible tone,—"Cruel fate, thus to tor-

ture so excellent a prince!" and immediately rushed out of the room.

Left to himself, in perfect security, and without expectation of any instant interruption, the prince threw himself on a couch, and began to recapitulate to himself the adventures of the evening. He had received the mortifying conviction that he had been flattered out of his reason by his courtiers; that they had made such use as they pleased, or as best promoted their interests, of his faculties, both of mind and body; and that, in point of fact, he was the most ignorant man in the whole nation. But what use could he make of this discovery? Alas! he had gone too far to retract: he had placed all his power, all his engagements, at the discretion of a few confidential advisers; and, although the recollection of this hasty step now for the first time brought repentance with it, he saw

no hope nor possibility of a change, which would give him back his independence.

It was in vain that reason called upon him to exert the native energies of his character, and to redeem himself in the estimation of the people. At this suggestion, pride rushed forward, and asserted that a people who would have the audacity to treat the name and conduct of their prince, as Prince Gregory had heard his own treated this evening, were so degraded that their opinions had no longer any value Another feeling spoke up at this moment, which had at least the countenance of policy, and argued that, although the interjection of pride was very correct, yet it was necessary to remember that the source of power was in the populace, and therefore, that however despicable they might be in point of intel-

lect and capacity of mind, they were always formidable on the score of physical strength, and consequently must be heeded a little.

Prince Gregory, who was certainly best acquainted with the engagements he had formed, and with the temper of his own mind, saw unconquerable obstacles in the way of any change of system or connections, which would, at the same time, save his own feelings from any great violence, and gratify the fastidiousness of public opinion. Under these circumstances, finding he could not pick up a clue to the labyrinth, he determined that the concession must come from the nation, which ought to be contented to relinquish opinions which clashed with the private views and feelings of him who was their legitimate and Heaven-anointed head.

Just as he had reached this point of the argument, a noise in the anti-room interrupted the thread of his cogitations; and before he had time to inquire into the cause, the door of his apartment suddenly flew open, and without any kind of introduction or other ceremony whatsoever, who but Sir Charles Placid himself,—the poor, lost, agitated, chop-fallen baronet,—should rush precipitately into the room.

At any other moment than this, such a breach of etiquette, such a violation of the respect due to the prince, would have received a proper check; but now the circumstance of the manner was so completely merged in the eclipsing nature of the fact itself, as never to be thought of by the prince for an instant. In the ardor of his first emotion, in truth, his royal highness so entirely forgot all his accustomed dignity, and the usual forma-

lity of the court, as to rise from his couch, with something of a motion half-waddle and half-trip, and to hasten to meet his restored friend, and to salute his re-appearance with a hearty welcome.

"Is it possible, baronet!" cried the prince; "By Heaven I was never more pleased to see you in my life. Why, I have just sent Tunbelly and a regiment of soldiers to scour the beach in search of you, my hearty! But you look fagged—positively jaded! Come, sit yourself down on the couch and tell me how they served you, and how it happened that they gave you your liberty so soon—I am anxious to hear all."

Sir Charles, all obedient to the command of his master, took his seat by the side of the prince, and taking off a bumper of Noyeau to recruit his languishing spirits,

and to give him that energy of which he always stood so much in need, but more than ever after such a tissue of melancholy adventures, he attempted to give as succinct an account of the affair as he could, halting at every dozen sentences to take breath.

"Your highness remembers the whistle! Zounds! I shall never hear a butcher's boy whistle in the streets but I shall feel all the horrors of hell, from the recollection it will rouze. Just then, a fellow pounced upon me, with a monstrous cudgel in his fist; which, without coming in contact with my head, made my eyes dart fire prodigiously. If it had not been for his cudgel, your royal highness, I would have pinked him."

"But you had a sword, Sir Charles," interrupted the prince—"although I sup-

pose that little circumstance escaped your memory, as it did mine, until it was too late for it to be of any service to you!"

"Why, to say truth, your royal highness, I did not draw upon the ruffian!" returned the baronet, "because I thought such a weak weapon against his cudgel would be odds which would leave me no chance. But I abused the fellow most manfully, and told him I was a man of the utmost consequence, and that if he dared to use me ill, it would be of bad effects to him. I shewed him I had no fear of him in the least."

"That certainly was very courageously said of you, Sir Charles," cried Prince Gregory again. "But pray did you not go on to give him an account of your pedigree, family, and connections, and so forth."

"No, your royal highness," resumed Sir Charles, "for had I been so disposed, the fellow had so little civility about him, and was so fond of hearing himself talk, that he stopped me short, and swore to knock my brains out for a d—d custom-house spy if I did not be quiet; and so, Sir, I acquiesced; and away they lugged me to a small boat lying close to the beach, and then held consultation whether they should tie my hands behind me, and throw me into the sea, or if they should wait for the captain. Luckily for me, they decided for the latter, and I had time to think on my situation. "Gentlemen," said I, "do you want money?—I have not much about me—three or four bank notes or so, and a few dollars, eighteen-penny-pieces, and shillings, are all my stock; and you are very welcome to them all if you have any need of them."——

"Upon my honor, baronet, that was very politely said of you. You were correct in giving the rascals a lesson of good breeding. But how did they take it? Did they contrive to relieve you of your superfluous cash?"

"Your highness is facetious," returned Sir Charles, "and I can be facetious now; but half an hour ago I would have given all my fortune and expectations for one glance at this heavenly mansion. The rascals d—d me and my money: told me I knew them very well, and wanted to come over them; but that they were wide awake and would disappoint me. I assured them they were labouring under some most lamentable mistake which I was anxious to clear up; but they only laughed at me, tied my hands and legs together, and left me in a heap in the boat, while they went to look for their comrades.

"While they were absent, I exerted myself to get rid of the cord, but they had managed it too well for me to gain my end. I freed one hand, and had then the mortification to find I must be content to remain a prisoner. While I was cursing my unhappy lot, however, I heard the sounds of approaching voices, and was almost immediately accosted by one they called Captain, who told me they had been mistaken in us, that they believed us to be honorable men, and that I was at perfect liberty to make the best of my way after my companion, who had been set at liberty some few minutes before me. Your royal highness may believe I did not pause long in adopting the advice of the captain: the moment I felt myself in possession of the use of my members, I gave them all a hearty but inaudible curse, and here I am."

The grotesque appearance of Sir Charles was too much for the gravity of Prince Gregory to peruse without some relaxation of feature. He was still evidently under the influence of the most extreme terror, and stared and trembled at the shadows reflected on the wall. "It is dreadfully late, your royal highness," stammered he, as if afraid to shew his fears, yet unable to keep them down— "and my road home is through another part of the beach. Zounds! my hair stands an end at the idea of these sea robbers. How can I go so as to escape new dangers; for I am so shaken, that a slight thing would now utterly destroy me?"

"Don't alarm yourself, my dear fellow," answered the prince, "you shall run into no more perils to-night. Here will we enjoy ourselves after the dangers we have

so well encountered and escaped; and a bed shall be made up for you. So banish every thing like terror from your breast, and make up your mind to drown every thing like care and sorrow; for we have both need of something to reinstate our valour and spirits."

No proposition could have been more agreeable to the feelings of Sir Charles than this one, and he was on the point of returning his thanks in a more connected strain than that which marked his narration, when the door opened, and the terrified baronet, in whose imagination the smugglers were again before him, dropped from the couch, and was about to hide himself beneath it; but the well-known voice of Tunbelly, aided by a loud horse laugh from the prince, as quickly banished his rising apprehensions, and recalled him to his former composure, and

to resume his seat upon the couch. "Pardon me, your royal highness," said the baronet, "but I really am so unhinged by the shocks I have experienced within the last four hours, that I fear I shall not recover my external courage for at least a week to come."

Tunbelly had by this time approached Sir Charles, but started back on beholding the pale face and bristling hair of the trembling figure before him. He was for a moment inclined to smile at the singularity of the baronet's appearance, but his ignorance of what had really occurred, and his fears that it might have been a more serious matter than he afterwards understood it to be, checked the inclination, and induced him to ask in a querulous tone, "My dear Sir Charles, I really feared that some terrible mischance had plunged you into the sea. We have

hunted over the beach with lighted torches, and I have now left a party engaged in vain search. I myself hastened back to shew his royal highness your pocket-book, which we found, and which led us to conclude that we should meet no more in this world."

"Horrible idea! and false as horrible!" ejaculated Sir Charles. "Gracious heaven! To have it supposed that I was dead! To think of you, my dear General, asking the waves to give up my mangled carcase! To hear, in imagination, the bell tolling for my funeral! To see my friends in sable weeds, with white pocket handkerchiefs! To view my dear Teresa, with streaming eyes and dishevelled hair, wandering along the sea shore, and cursing the turbulence which overwhelmed her Placid! To think of these things, with all the accompanying horrors of coffins,

shrouds, shovels, hearses, pickaxes, undertakers, and all the rest of the dark catalogue of horrors—Oh! it is enough to unman a Scipio Africanus! Pray, General, don't say a word to recal the remembrance."

"Poor Sir Charles!" cried Prince Gregory,—"thou art indeed in doleful dumps, and, I fear, one far beyond the reach of Canary or Curaçoa. But we'll try the effect of these prime regenerators; and thou art become morbid, indeed, even to death, if they work no change upon thee. As to me, I escaped with more *eclat*, by purchasing half-a-dozen ankers of rum to reward the rascal who abused me so outrageously this evening. But I see, Tunbelly, your are bursting with curiosity. Look out for some excellent provender for us to close the exploits of the night with, and when thou returnest, I will relate to thee the details of this first of my adven-

tures for many years, and which is so likely also to prove the last of them, unless my views alter."

Tunbelly, who calculated on as much merriment in the hearing the narration, (as he judged from the facetious tone of the prince,) as the adventurers had experienced sensations of an opposite description in encountering them, was not backward to render obedience to the command of his prince; and being, as hath before been stated, a determined lover of excellent cheer, he traversed the larders and cellars of the mansion, until he had arrayed his tongue with a bill of fare, which he knew would gain him the hearty commendation of a master, whose temper was not unfrequently regulated by his grosser feelings.

In the meantime, Sir Charles rapidly

recovered from the effects of the night's expedition, and more than once loudly ejaculated a thanksgiving to Heaven for the preservation of so illustrious a prince as that he had the honor to attend, and of so loyal a subject as himself; and whatever degree of sincerity might be supposed to attach to the former part of the prayer, very few will be inclined to call in question the truth and ardor which suggested the latter. Prince Gregory rallied the baronet on his unceasing piety, and recommended it to him to take upon himself holy orders, on the same principle on which heroes and knights of older times frequently terminated a life of gallantry and adventure, by assuming the cowl and the cross, and devoting themselves to the service of Heaven.

The suggestion, however, was but little to the taste of Sir Charles; his piety

was merely the growth of the moment, and the production of a momentary impression of mind. He had no kind of wish to throw off his attachment to worldly pleasures and pursuits; they were too necessary to his happiness to be so easily dispensed with. "Great Sir," said the baronet, "I must needs confess that I do not hold the opinion that a convent, and a life of utter seclusion from what your *quid nuncs* call vanity, constitute heaven; nor am I gifted with a mind sufficiently great to aspire after the holy life of a cowled and crosiered monk."

"O Sir Charles," answered the prince, "you have indeed formed a very erroneous opinion of the pleasures of a cloistered life. Why, man, can you be ignorant that monks have superior joys to those which the imaginations of the unenlightened laity perceive? For my own

part, I would have desired no better sport than to have had my lot cast amongst a brotherhood of Augustine monks, in the neighbourhood of a country pretty well peopled with lovely dames, who were inspired with a becoming respect for the pious orders, and a proper obedience to the dictates which, through her privileged sons, mother Church might think fit to promulgate."

"Your highness is very facetious on the subject," returned the baronet.—"But how would you have relished the self-inflicted privations and punishments which it is sometimes necessary to endure, at least to keep up appearances, and deceive the world? How would your royal highness have relished the flagellations, the bread and water diet, the stone bed, and the wretched pallet of straw?"

A loud laugh from the prince checked the questions of the baronet, and was soon followed by an exclamation, "Why, baronet, thou art the most incorrigible greenhorn my eyes ever witnessed, or my ears ever heard. What! dost think that they were serious in these things — a painted and besmeared back would easily pass for a flead one; and, as for bread and water, stone beds and pallets of straw, they were sacred relics, kept to be exhibited, as occasion might require, as evidences of their piety and their zeal in the search after heaven. No, no; they were too excellent judges to content themselves upon frugal fare; their God was not so unreasonable as to require it, if men did!"

"Still, great sir," replied Sir Charles, "the restraints which they were obliged to impose upon themselves were irksome

in the extreme, and would have exceedingly mortified a prince of such taste and excellence of judgment as your royal highness. I am sure it would be intolerable."

"Perhaps it might at first, but custom would have reconciled one to the hypocrisy," exclaimed the prince—"and then, baronet, this very restraint would have so greatly improved the relish for enjoyment, that pleasure would have been sublimed into extacy. Ah, you are but a shallow reasoner on such subjects. You are no connoisseur in the luxury of living. You are better formed for a Bacchanal than a monk."

Sir Charles, however, considering it more politic to chime in with the prince, eagerly replied, "It is true, great sir, I was so; but, I must admit, your picture

of a monastic life has made a convert of me. There must be, as your royal highness so well observed, such an augmented enjoyment in stolen pleasure, as would amply compensate for the restraints under which one might be compelled to place one's self."

"You think so, eh, Sir Charles?" exclaimed the prince, who was pleased with the baronet for thus compromising his own opinions. "Well, I am of that opinion most decidedly; and you are a reasonable man to be so easily convinced by fair argument. I thought I should make you a convert to my opinions."

"Your royal highness undervalues your own talents, and over-rates my pliability," replied Sir Charles. "I retained my opinions to the last moment, until the absolute superiority of your royal highness's

logical powers completely drove me out of the field, and made me own myself vanquished."

Just as the baronet had uttered these words, Tunbelly appeared, armed with a couple of bottles of cordials under each arm, and followed by two others bearing a hamper filled with select wines and *liqueurs*; a very different turn was pretty speedily given to the conversation; and, in the course of a couple of hours, the whole of the party were qualified to encounter the dangers of the night again, and to atchieve more exploits than their heated valour performed with the weapons of imagination.

END OF VOL. I.

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